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WITH CARTOON.



DAISY AMONG THE LILIES.

By W. M. CHASE.

## THE POLAR WORLD.

## II.

THE Polar bear is one of the chief features of the Arctic regions. His claws are two inches in length, and his canine teeth project beyond the jaw an inch and a half. His power is enormous; obstacles which numbers of men can only move with capstan bars and levers, he seems to throw about with ease. In their encounters with each other, and in their struggles with the monsters of the northern seas, their battles must be terrific. The bear is often found a hundred miles from the nearest land, upon loose ice, steadily drifting into the sea. He hunts by scent, which leads him to run against the wind which prevails from the north, so that the same instinct that directs his search for food guides him in the direction of land and more solid ice. He can swim great distances at the rate of three miles an hour, and can dive to a considerable distance.

His favorite food is the seal, which he surprises by crouching down with his forepaws doubled under him, and pushing himself noiselessly forward with his hind-legs. At a certain point of nearness, he springs upon his victim, whether in the water or upon the ice. Though he attacks man when hungry, wounded, or provoked, he will not injure him when food more to his liking is at hand. A native of Upernivik



WHITE BEARS AND CAPTURED SEAL.

was out one winter's day examining his seal-nets; he found one entangled, and, while stooping over on the ice to get it clear, he received, as he supposed, a slap from his companion on the back, but a second and a third made him turn quickly round, and, to his horror, he saw a particularly grim-looking old bear instead of his human associate. Without taking any further notice of the man, the bear tore the seal out of the net and commenced his supper.

Many interesting instances are related of the sagacity of the Polar bear. It is quite impossible to take them by any sort of traps; they seem to instantly comprehend their design, and frustrate the intent by taking the bait without endangering their liberty.

The male does not hibernate, but roams freely during the winter months. The she-bear retires to winter-quarters, not for protection from the cold, but to bring forth and succor her young. Before her voluntary seclusion, she eats enormously, and becomes prodigiously fat, which internal store of alimentary matter enables her not only to support herself, but also her young, without taking a morsel of food while thus bound up in the snow. In the month of December, being properly provided with a superabundance of fat, she selects her retreat by the



BEAR-TRAP.



HUNTING THE WALRUS.

side of some rock, where, by dint of scraping, and allowing the snow to fall upon her, she forms a circle in which to live. The warmth of her breath always keeps a little hole opened, so there is no danger of suffocation. Within this well-constructed nursery, the bear brings forth her young, and, curiously enough, the den enlarges its dimensions to meet the increased demand for space. In the month of March the mother bear issues forth with her cubs; once released from confinement, they rapidly grow in size, receiving meanwhile an affectionate care from their maternal parent that has ever called forth admiration from all who have witnessed it.

The walrus is one of the most valuable animals of the Polar regions for the support of man, and occupies a larger share of attention than any other of the seal family. It differs from its kind in the development of the canine teeth of the upper jaw, which form two enormous tusks projecting downward to the length of two feet. It attains the length of twenty feet, and in uncouthness of form surpasses even the ungainly hippopotamus. It has a small head, with a remarkably thick upper lip, covered with large whiskers, or bristles; the naked-gray or red-brown skin hangs loosely on the ponderous trunk; and the short feet terminate in hard, fin-like paddles, resembling large, ill-fashioned flaps of leather. Its movements on land are extremely slow and awkward, resembling those of a huge caterpillar, but in the water it shows all the activity of the seals, even surpassing them in speed.

Timorous and helpless on land, where, in spite of its formidable tusks, it falls an easy prey to the attacks of man, the walrus evinces a greater degree of courage in the water, where it is able to make a better use of its strength and the weapons of defence bestowed upon it by Nature. Like the seal, the walrus is easily tamed, and is of a most affectionate disposition. A lady at St. Petersburg made a pet of a walrus, and she was rewarded by the animal's expressing the greatest pleasure at her presence, evinced by an affectionate grunt. It not only followed the lady with its eyes, but was never happier than when allowed to lay its head in her lap. That parental love should be highly developed in animals thus susceptible of friendship, may easily be imagined. Mr. Lemoret, an English gentleman, whose love of sport led him a few years ago to Spitzbergen, relates the



THE FIGHT FOR THE PRIZE.

case of a wounded walrus who held a very young calf under her right arm. Whenever a harpoon was raised against it, the mother carefully shielded it with her own body. The countenance of this poor animal was never to be forgotten; that of the calf, of abject terror, and yet of such boundless confidence in its mother's power of protecting it, as it swam along under its mother's wing, and the old cow's face showing such reckless defiance for all that could be done to herself, and yet such terrible anxiety as to the safety of her calf.

The dog is naturally associated with the reindeer as the true companion of man, and, in the Polar regions, he is the same faithful and patient servant, so characteristic of his conduct in more favored regions. In Kamtschatka, the dogs live almost exclusively on fish, which they catch in the streams with great dexterity. In other parts of the Polar world their diet is varied with bits of walrus and whale meat. Their training is peculiar. From spring to autumn they are allowed to run at liberty, but when fall approaches they are collected together, and tied to a post, where they are left to starve, until deprived of all superfluous fat that would in-

terfere with their running. During the winter they are fed exclusively on dried fish, which they get regularly morning and evening, but while travelling they get no food, though they run for hours. Their strength is wonderful; generally no more than five are harnessed to a sledge, which they will drag with ease, with sixty pounds of luggage, and three grown men, over a bad road, twenty-five miles; under the most favorable circumstances they have made over a hundred. The horse can never be used for sledding, on account of the deep snow, into which he would sink, and the numerous rivers, many of which are merely covered with a thin sheet of ice, too weak to bear so large an animal.

The sledge-dogs are trained to their future service at a very early period. Soon after their birth they are placed with their mother in a deep pit, so as to see neither man nor beast, and, after having been weaned, they are again condemned to solitary confinement in a pit. After six months they are attached to a sledge with older dogs, and being, from their previous education in the dark, extremely shy, they run as fast as they can. On returning home they are again fastened in their pit, where they remain



FIRST-CLASS TRAVELLING.



until they are perfectly tamed, and able to perform a long journey. Then, but not before, they are allowed their summer liberty. This difficult. A whip with a long lash is generally used both to punish and give the proper signals, and they obey with great promptness. In



NIGHT-SCENE IN THE POLAR REGIONS

severe education, as one might suppose, sours their temper, and through life they remain gloomy, shy, quarrelsome, and suspicious.

Travelling with dogs under any circumstances is dangerous and

some parts of the Polar regions, the dogs, unable to overcome their natural instinct of hunting, will start off, sledge and all, on the track of some wild animal, and under such circumstances for a time all re-

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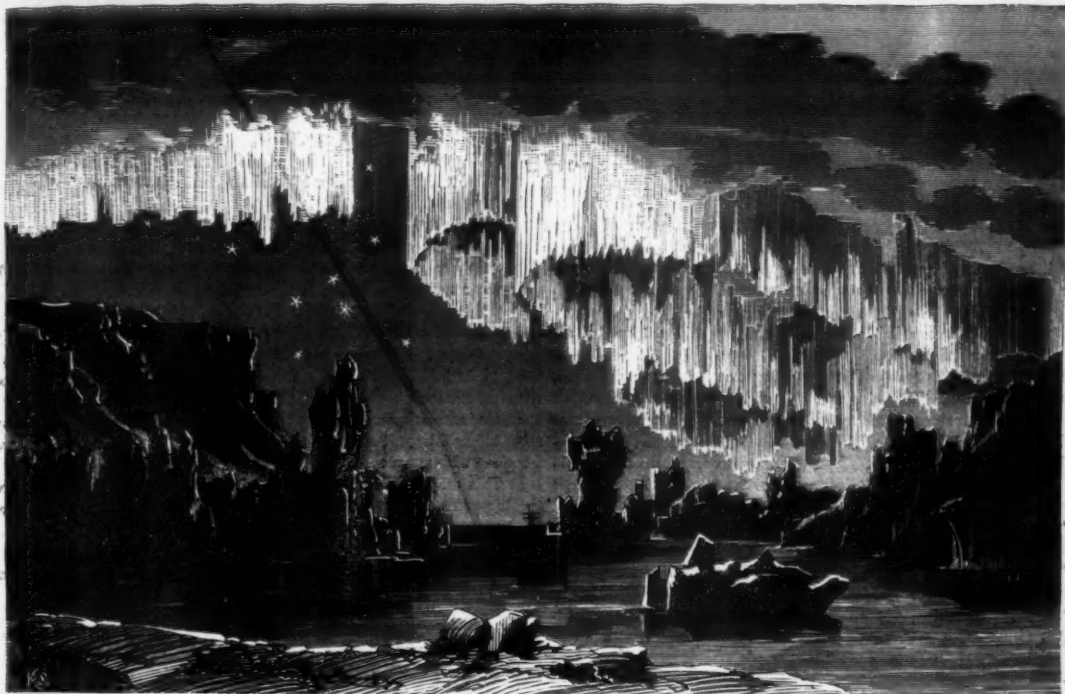
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THE AURORA BOREALIS.

monstrances of the master are in vain. During a severe snow-storm, when travelling is impossible, the dogs will lie around their master, and not only protect him by their natural warmth, but they will in addition sagaciously keep the snow from gathering over him in such quantities that would end in his suffocation. The dogs are also excellent weather-prophets, for if, while resting, they commence digging holes in the snow, a storm may certainly be expected.

Though Nature wears a stern and forbidding aspect on advancing toward the north pole, yet the high latitudes have many beauties of their own. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of an Arctic sunset, clothing the snow-clad mountains and skies with all the glories of color; or be more serenely beautiful than the clear, starlight night, illumined by the brilliant moon, which for days continually circles around the horizon, never setting until she has run her long course of brightness. But of all the magnificent spectacles that relieve the monotonous gloom, there is none to equal the magical beauty of the

aurora. Night covers the snow-clad earth; the stars glimmer dimly through the haze which so frequently dims their brilliancy in the high latitudes, when, suddenly, a clear bow of light spans the horizon in the direction where it is traversed by the magnetic meridians. This bow sometimes remains several hours, heaving or waving to and fro, before it sends forth streams of light ascending to the zenith. Sometimes these flashes proceed from the bow of light alone; at others, they simultaneously shoot forth from many opposite parts of the horizon, and form a vast sea of fire, whose brilliant waves are continually changing their position. The colors are very perfect, the startling blood-red contrasting with the pale emerald-green. The dark sea, as black as jet, forms a striking contrast to the white snow-plain, or the distant ice-mountain. The imposing silence of the night heightens the charms of the magnificent spectacle. Gradually, however, the light dissolves; the flashes become shorter, less frequent or less vivid, and again the gloom of winter descends upon the northern desert.

## THE LADY OF THE ICE.\*

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB ABROAD," "CORD AND CREESE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—JACK'S TRIBULATIONS.—THEY RISE UP IN THE VERY FACE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING GOOD FORTUNE.—FOR, WHAT IS LIKE A LEGACY?—AND THIS COMES TO JACK!—SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS STERLING PER ANNUM!—BUT WHAT'S THE USE OF IT ALL?—JACK COMES TO GRIEF! WOE! SORROW! DESPAIR! ALL THE WIDOW!—INFATUATION.—A MAD PROPOSAL.—A MADMAN, A LUNATIC, AN IDIOT, A MARCH HARE, AND A HATTER, ALL ROLLED INTO ONE, AND THAT ONE THE LUCKY YET UNFORTUNATE JACK!

JACK had been falling off more and more. I was taken up with the O'Hallorans; he, with those two points between which he oscillated like a pendulum; and our intercourse diminished, until at length days would intervene without a meeting between us.

It was in the middle of June.

I had not seen Jack for more than a week.

Suddenly, I was reminded of him by a startling rumor that reached my ears after every soul in the garrison and in the city had heard it. It referred to Jack. It was nothing about the widow, nothing about Louie, nothing about Marion, nothing about Miss Phillips.

It did not refer to duns.

He had not been nabbed by the sheriff.

He had not put an end to himself.

In short, the news was, that an uncle of his had died, and left him a fortune of unknown proportions. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico*, of course; and so up went Jack's fortune to twenty thousand a year. Jack had told me about that uncle, and I had reason to know that it was at least six or seven thousand; and, let me tell you, six or seven thousand pounds per annum isn't to be laughed at.

So here was Jack—raised up in a moment—far above the dull level of debt, and duns, and despair; raised to an upper and, I trust, a better world, where swarms of duns can never arise, and bailiffs never

\* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

come; raised, my boy, to a region of serene delight, where, like the gods of Epicurus, he might survey from his cloudless calm the darkness and the gloom of the lower world. A fortune, by Jove! Seven thousand pounds sterling a year! Hard cash! Why, the thing fairly took my breath away. I sat down to grapple with the stupendous thought. Aha! where would the duns be now? What would those miserable devils say now, that had been badgering him with lawyers' letters? Wouldn't they all haul off? Methought they would. Methought! why, meknew they would—mefancied how they would fawn, and cringe, and apologize, and explain, and lick the dust, and offer to polish his noble boots, and present themselves for the honor of being kicked by him. Nothing is more degrading to our common humanity than the attitude of a creditor toward a poor debtor—except the attitude of that same creditor, when he learns that his debtor has suddenly become rich.

Having finally succeeded in mastering this great idea, I hurried off to Jack to congratulate him.

I found him in his room. He was lying down, looking very blue, very dismal, and utterly used up. At first, I did not notice this, but burst forth in a torrent of congratulations, shaking his hand most violently. He raised himself slightly from the sofa on which he was reclining, and his languid hand did not return my warm grasp, nor did his face exhibit the slightest interest in what I said. Seeing this, I stopped short suddenly.

"Hallo, old boy!" I cried. "What's the matter? Any thing happened? Isn't it true, then?"

"Oh, yes," said Jack, dolefully, leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, and looking at the floor.

"Well, you don't seem very jubilant about it. Any thing the matter? Why, man, if you were dying, I should think you'd rise up at the idea of seven thousand a year."

Jack said nothing.

At such a check as this to my enthusiastic sympathy, I sat in silence for a time, and looked at him. His elbows were on his knees, his face was pale, his hair in disorder, and his eyes were fixed on the wall opposite with a vacant and abstracted stare. There was a haggard look about his handsome face, and a careworn expression on his broad brow, which excited within me the deepest sympathy and sadness. Something had happened—something of no common kind. This was a something which was far, very far, more serious than those old troubles which had oppressed him. This was something far different from those old perplexities—the entanglements with three engagements. Amid all those he was nothing but a big, blundering baby; but now he seemed like a sorrow-stricken man. Where was the light of his eyes, the glory of his brow, the music of his voice? Where was that glow that once used to pervade his fresh, open, sunny face? Where! It was Jack—but not the Jack of old. It was Jack—but

"Alas! how changed from him  
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!"

Or, as another poet has it—

"Twas Jack—but living Jack no more!"

"Jack," said I, after a long and solemn silence, in which I had tried in vain to conjecture what might possibly be the cause of this—"Jack, dear boy, you and I have had confidences together, a little out of the ordinary line. I came here to congratulate you about your fortune; but I find you utterly cut up about something. Will you let me ask you what it is? I don't ask out of idle curiosity, but out of sympathy. At the same time, if it's any thing of a private nature, I beg pardon for asking you to tell it."

Jack looked up, and a faint flicker of a smile passed over his face.

"Oh, all right, old boy!" he said. "I'm hit hard—all up—and that sort of thing—hit hard—confounded hard—serves me right, too, you know, for being such an infernal fool."

He frowned, and drew a long breath.

"Wait a minute, old chap," said he, rising from the sofa; "I'll get something to sustain nature, and then I'll answer your question. I'm glad you've come. I don't know but that it'll do me good to tell it all to somebody. It's hard to stay here in my den, fretting my heart out—as I have done!—but wait a minute, and I'll explain."

Saying this, he walked over to the sideboard.

"Will you take any thing?"

"Thanks, no," said I; "a pipe is all I want." And I proceeded to fill and light one.

Thereupon Jack poured out a tumbler of raw brandy, which he swallowed. Then he came back to the sofa. A flush came to his face, and his eyes looked brighter; but he had still the same haggard aspect.

"I'm in for it, Macrorie," said he at last, gloomily.

"In for it?"

"Yes—an infernal scrape."

"What?"

"The widow—hang her!" and he struck his clinched fist against the head of the sofa.

"In for it? The widow?" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

Jack drew a long breath, and regarded me with a fixed stare.

"I mean," said Jack, fixing his eyes upon me with an awful look,

"I mean this—that I have to marry that woman."

"Marry her?"

"Yes," he exclaimed, dashing his fist upon the table savagely, "marry her! There you have it. I'm in for it. No escape. Escape—ha! ha! Nabbed, sir. All up! Married and done for—yes, eternally done for!"

He jerked these words out in a fierce, feverish way; and then, flinging himself back, he clasped his knees with his hands, and sat regarding me with stern eyes and frowning brow.

This mood of Jack's was a singular one. He was evidently undergoing great distress of mind. Under such circumstances as these, no levity could be thought of. Had he not been so desperate, I might have ventured upon a jest about the widow driving the others from the field and coming forth victorious; but, as it was, there was no room for jest. So I simply sat in silence, and returned his gaze.

"Well?" said he at last, impatiently.

"Well?" said I.

"Haven't you got any thing to say about that?"

"I don't know what to say. Your manner of telling this takes me more by surprise than the thing itself. After all, you must have looked forward to this."

"Looked forward? I'll be hanged if I did, except in a very general way. You see man, I thought she'd have a little pity on a fellow, and allow me some liberty. I didn't look forward to being shut up at once."

"At once? You speak as though the event were near."

"Near? I should think it was. What do you say to next week? Is that near or not? Near? I should rather think so."

"Next week? Good Lord! Jack, do you really mean it? Nonsense!"

"Next week—yes—and worse—on Tuesday—not the end, but the beginning, of the week—Tuesday, the 20th of June."

"Tuesday, the 20th of June!" I repeated, in amazement.

"Yes, Tuesday, the 20th of June," said Jack.

"Heavens, man! what have you been up to? How did it happen? Why did you do it? Couldn't you have postponed it? It takes two to make an agreement. What do you mean by lamenting over it now? Why didn't you get up excuses? Haven't you to go home to see about your estates? Why, in Heaven's name, did you let it be all arranged in this way, if you didn't want it to be?"

Jack looked at me for a few moments very earnestly.

"Why didn't I?" said he, at length; "simply because I happen to be an unmitigated, uncontrollable, incorrigible, illimitable, and inconceivable ass! That's the reason why, if you must know."

Jack's very forcible way of putting this statement afforded me no chance whatever of denying it or combating it. His determination to be an ass was so vehement, that remonstrance was out of the question. I therefore accepted it as a probable truth.

For some time I remained silent, looking at Jack, and puffing solemnly at my pipe. In a situation of this kind, or in fact in any situation where one is expected to say something, but doesn't happen to have any thing in particular to say, there's nothing in the world like a pipe. For the human face, when it is graced by a pipe, and when the pipe is being puffed, assumes, somehow, a rare and wonderful expression of profound and solemn thought. Besides, the presence of the pipe in the mouth is a check to any overhasty remark. Vain and empty words are thus repressed, and thought, divine thought, reigns supreme. And so as I sat in silence before Jack, if I didn't have any profound thoughts in my mind, I at least had the appearance of it, which after all served my purpose quite as well.

"I don't mind telling you all about it, old chap," said Jack, at

last, who had by this time passed into a better frame of mind, and looked more like his old self. "You've known all about the row, all along, and you'll have to be in at the death, so I'll tell you now. You'll have to help me through—you'll be my best man, and all that sort of thing, you know—and this is the best time for making a clean breast of it, you know: so here goes."

Upon this Jack drew a long breath, and then began:

"I've told you already," he said, "how abominably kind she was. You know when I called on her after the row with Miss Phillips, how sweet she was, and all that, and how I settled down on the old terms. I hadn't the heart to get up a row with her, and hadn't even the idea of such a thing. When a lady is civil, and kind, and all that, what can a fellow do? So you see I went there as regular as clock-work, and dined, and then left. Sometimes I went at six, and stayed till eight; sometimes at five, and stayed till nine. But that was very seldom. Sometimes, you know, she'd get me talking, and somehow the time would fly, and it would be ever so late before I could get away. I'm always an ass, and so I felt tickled, no end, at her unfailing kindness to me, and took it all as so much incense, and all that—I was her deity, you know—snuffing up incense—receiving her devotion—feeling half sorry that I couldn't quite reciprocate, and making an infernal fool of myself generally."

"Now you know I'm such a confounded ass that her very reticence about my other affairs, and her quiet way of taking them, rather piqued me; and several times I threw out hints about them, to see what she would say. At such times she would smile in a knowing way, but say nothing. At last there was one evening—it was a little over a week ago—I went there, and found her more cordial than ever, more amusing, more fascinating—kinder, you know, and all that. There was no end to her little attentions. Of course all that sort of thing had on me the effect which it always has, and I rapidly began to make an ass of myself. I began to hint about those other affairs—and at last I told her I didn't believe she'd forgiven me."

Here Jack made an awful pause, and looked at me in deep solemnity.

I said nothing, but puffed away in my usual thoughtful manner.

"The moment that I said that," continued Jack, "she turned and gave me the strangest look. 'Forgiven you,' said she; 'after all that has passed, can you say that?'"

"Well," I said, "you don't seem altogether what you used to be—"

"I!" she exclaimed. "I not what I used to be?—and you can look me in the face and say that."

"And now, Macrorie, listen to what an ass can do."

"You see, her language, her tone, and her look, all piqued me. But at the same time I didn't know what to say. I didn't love her—confound her!—and I knew that I didn't—but I wanted to assert myself, or some other cursed thing or other—so what did I do but take her hand."

I puffed on.

"She leaned back in her chair."

"Ah, Jack," she sighed, "I don't believe you care any thing for poor me."

Jack paused for a while, and sat looking at the floor.

"Which was quite true," he continued, at last. "Only under the circumstances, being thus challenged, you know, by a very pretty widow, and being an ass, and being conceited, and being dazzled by the surroundings, what did I do but begin to swear that I loved her better than ever?"

"And me alone!" she sighed.

"Yes, you alone!" I cried, and then went on in the usual strain in which impassioned lovers go under such circumstances, but with this very material difference, that I didn't happen to be an impassioned lover, or any other kind of a lover of hers at all, and I knew it all the time, and all the time felt a secret horror at what I was saying.

"But the fact of the business is, Macrorie, that woman is—oh—she is awfully clever, and she managed to lead me on, I don't know how. She pretended not to believe me—she hinted at my indifference, she spoke about my joy at getting away from her so as to go elsewhere, and said a thousand other things, all of which had the effect of making me more of an ass than ever, and so I rushed headlong to destruction."

Here Jack paused, and looked at me despairingly.

"Well?" said I.

"Well?" said he.

"Go on," said I. "Make an end of it. Out with it! What next?"

Jack gave a groan.

"Well—you see—somehow—I went on—and before I knew it there I was offering to marry her on the spot—and—heavens and earth! Macrorie—wasn't it a sort of judgment on me—don't you think?—I'd got used to that sort of thing, you know—offering to marry people off hand, you know, and all that—and so it came natural on this occasion; and I suppose that was how it happened, that before I knew what I was doing I had pumped out a violent and vehement entreaty for her to be mine at once.—Yes, at once—any time—that evening—the next day—the day after—no matter when. I'll be hanged if I can say now whether at that moment I was really sincere or not. I'm such a perfect and finished ass, that I really believe I meant what I said, and at that time I really wanted her to marry me. If that confounded chaplain that goes humbugging about there all the time had happened to be in the room, I'd have asked him to tie the knot on the spot. Yes, I'll be hanged if I wouldn't! His not being there is the only reason, I believe, why the knot wasn't tied. In that case I'd now be Mr. Finnimore—no, by Jove—what rot!—I mean I'd now be her husband, and she'd be Mrs. Randolph—confound her!"

Jack again relapsed into silence. His confession was a difficult task for him, and it came hard. It was given piecemeal, like the confession of a murderer on the day before his execution, when his desire to confess struggles with his unwillingness to recall the particulars of an abhorrent deed, and when after giving one fact he delays and falters, and lapses into long silence before he is willing or able to give another.

"Well, after that," he resumed, at last, "I was fairly in for it—no hope, no going back—no escapes—trapped, my boy—nabbed—gone in forever—head over heels, and all the rest of it. The widow was affected by my vehemence, as a matter of course—she stammered—she hesitated, and of course, being an ass, I was only made more vehement by all that sort of thing, you know. So I urged her, and pressed her, and then, before I knew what I was about, I found her coyly granting my insane request to name the day."

"Oh, Jack! Jack! Jack!" I exclaimed.

"Go on," said he. "Haven't you something more to say? Pitch in. Give it to me hot and heavy. You don't seem to be altogether equal to the occasion, Macrorie. Why don't you hit hard?"

"Can't do it," said I. "I'm knocked down myself. Wait, and I'll come to time. But don't be too hard on a fellow. Be reasonable. I want to take breath."

"Name the day! name the day! name the day!" continued Jack, ringing the changes on the words; "name the day! By Jove! See here, Macrorie—can't you get a doctor's certificate for me and have me quietly put in the lunatic asylum before that day comes?"

"That's not a bad idea," said I. "It might be managed. It's worth thinking about, at any rate."

"Wild!" said Jack, "mad as a March hare, or a hatter, or any other thing of that sort—ungovernable—unmanageable, devoid of all sense and reason—what more do you want? If I am not a lunatic, who is? That's what I want to know."

"There's a great deal of reason in that," said I, gravely.

"No there isn't," said Jack, pettishly. "It's all nonsense. I tell you I'm a madman, a lunatic, an idiot, any thing else. I don't quite need a strait-jacket as yet, but I tell you I do need the seclusion of a comfortable lunatic asylum. I only stipulate for an occasional drop of beer, and a whiff or two at odd times. Don't you think I can manage it?"

"It might be worth trying," said I. "But trot on, old fellow."

Jack, thus recalled to himself, gave another very heavy sigh.

"Where was I?" said he. "Oh, about naming the day. Well, I'll be hanged if she didn't do it. She did name the day. And what day do you think it was that she named? What day! Good Heavens, Macrorie! Only think of it. What do you happen to have to say, now, for instance, to the 20th of June? Hey? What do you say to next Tuesday? Tuesday, the 20th of June! Next Tuesday! Only think of it. Mad! I should rather think so."

I had nothing to say, and so I said nothing.

At this stage of the proceedings Jack filled a pipe, and began smoking savagely, throwing out the puffs of smoke fast and furious.





"Waiting for the Widow."—Chapter XXXVI.

Both of us sat in silence, involved in deep and anxious thought—I for him, he for himself.

At last he spoke.

"That's all very well," said he, putting down the pipe, "but I haven't yet told you the worst."

"The worst?"

"Yes; there's something more to be told—something which has brought me to this. I'm not the fellow I was. It isn't the widow; it's something else. It's—

CHAPTER XXXV.—"LOUIE!"—PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP.—ITS RESULTS.—ADVICE MAY BE GIVEN TOO FREELY, AND CONSOLATION MAY BE SOUGHT FOR TOO EAGERLY.—TWO INFLAMMABLE HEARTS SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO COME TOGETHER.—THE OLD, OLD STORY.—A BREAKDOWN, AND THE RESULTS ALL AROUND.—THE CONDEMNED CRIMINAL.—THE SLOW YET SURE APPROACH OF THE HOUR OF EXECUTION.

"It's Louie!" said Jack again, after a pause. "That's the 'hinc illæ lachrymæ' of it, as the Latin grammar has it."

"Louie?" I repeated.

"Yes, Louie," said Jack, sadly and solemnly.

I said nothing. I saw that something more was coming, which would afford the true key to Jack's despair. So I waited in silence till it should come.

"As for the widow herself," said Jack, meditatively, "she isn't a bad lot, and, if it hadn't been for Louie, I should have taken all this as an indication of Providence that my life was to be lived out under her guidance; but then the mischief of it is, there happens to be a Louie, and that Louie happens to be the very Louie that I can't manage to live without. You see there's no nonsense about this, old boy. You may remind me of Miss Phillips and Number Three, but I swear to you solemnly they were both nothing compared with Louie. Louie is the only one that ever has fairly taken me out of myself, and fastened herself to all my thoughts, and hopes, and desires. Louie is the only one that has ever chained me to her in such a way that I never wished to leave her for anybody else. Louie! why, ever since I've known her, all the rest of the world and of womankind has been nothing, and, beside her, it all sank into insignificance. There you have it! That's the way I feel about Louie. These other scrapes of mine—what are they? Bosh and nonsense, the absurdities of a silly

boy! But Louie! why, Macrorie, I swear to you that she has twined herself around me so that the thought of her has changed me from a calf of a boy into a man. Now I know it all. Now I understand why I followed her up so close. Now, now, and now, when I know it all, it is all too late! By Jove, I tell you what it is, I've talked like a fool about suicide, but I swear I've been so near it this last week that it's not a thing to laugh at."

And Jack looked at me with such a wild face and such fierce eyes that I began to think of the long-talked-of headstone of Anderson's as a possibility which was not so very remote, after all.

"I'll tell you all about it," said he. "It's a relief. I feel a good deal better already after what I have said."

"You see," said he, after a pause, in which his frown grew darker, and his eyes were fixed on vacancy—"you see, that evening I stayed a little later than usual with the widow. At last I hurried off. The deed was done, and the thought of this made every nerve tingle within me. I hurried off to see Louie. What the mischief did I want of Louie? you may ask. My only answer is: I wanted her because I wanted her. No day was complete without her. I've been living on the sight of her face and the sound of her voice for the past two months and more, and never fairly knew it until this last week, when it has all become plain to me. So I hurried off to Louie, because I had to do so—because every day had to be completed by the sight of her."

"I reached the house somewhat later than usual. People were there. I must have looked different from usual. I know I was very silent, and I must have acted queer, you know. But they were all talking, and playing, and laughing, and none of them took any particular notice. And so at last I drifted off toward Louie, as usual. She was expecting me. I knew that. She always expects me. But this time I saw she was looking at me with a very queer expression. She saw something unusual in my face. Naturally enough. I felt as though I had committed a murder. And so I had. I had murdered my hope—my love—my darling—my only life and joy. I'm not humbugging, Macrorie—don't chaff, for Heaven's sake!"

I wasn't chaffing, and had no idea of such a thing. I was simply listening, with a very painful sympathy with Jack's evident emotion.

"We were apart from the others," he continued, in a tremulous voice. "She looked at me, and I looked at her. I saw trouble in her face, and she saw trouble in mine. So we sat. We were silent for some time. No nonsense now. No laughter. No more teasing and

coaxing. Poor little Louie! How distressed she looked! Where was her sweet smile now? Where was her laughing voice? Where was her bright, animated face—her sparkling eyes—her fun—her merriment—her chaff? Poor little Louie!"

And Jack's voice died away into a moan of grief.

But he rallied again, and went on:

"She asked me what was the matter. I told her—nothing. But she was sure that something had happened, and begged me to tell her. So I told her all. And her face, as I told her, turned as white as marble. She seemed to grow rigid where she sat. And, as I ended, she bent down her head—and she pressed her hand to her forehead—and then she gave me an awful look—a look which will haunt me to my dying day—and then—and then—she—she burst into tears—and, oh, Macrorie—oh, how she cried!"

And Jack, having stammered out this, gave way completely, and, burying his face in his hands, he sobbed aloud.

Then followed a long, long silence.

At last Jack roused himself.

"You see, Macrorie," he continued, "I had been acting like the devil to her. All her chaff, and nonsense, and laughter, had been a mask. Oh, Louie! She had grown fond of me—poor miserable devil that I am—and this is the end of it all!"

"She got away," said Jack, after another long silence—"she got away somehow; and, after she had gone, I sat for a while, feeling like a man who has died and got into another world. Paralyzed, bewildered—take any word you like, and it will not express what I was. I got off somehow—I don't know how—and here I am. I haven't seen her since."

"I got away," he continued, throwing back his head, and looking vacantly at the ceiling—"I got away, and came here, and the next day I got a letter about my uncle's death and my legacy. I had no sorrow for my poor dear old uncle, and no joy over my fortune. I had no thought for any thing but Louie. Seven thousand a year, or ten thousand, or a hundred thousand, whatever it might be, it amounts to nothing. What I have gained is nothing to what I have lost. I'd give it all for Louie. I'd give it all to undo what has been done. I'd give it all, by Heaven, for one more sight of her! But that sight of her I can never have. I dare not go near the house. I am afraid to hear about her. My legacy! I wish it were at the bottom of the Atlantic. What is it all to me, if I have to give up Louie forever? And that's what it is!"

There was no exaggeration in all this. That was evident. Jack's misery was real, and was manifest in his pale face and general change of manner. This accounted for it all. This was the blow that had struck him down. All his other troubles had been laughable compared with this. But from this he could not rally. Nor, for my part, did I know of any consolation that could be offered. Now, for the first time, I saw the true nature of his sentiments toward Louie, and learned from him the sentiments of that poor little thing toward him. It was the old story. They had been altogether too much with one another. They had been great friends, and all that sort of thing. Louie had teased and given good advice. Jack had sought consolation for all his troubles. And now—lo and behold!—in one moment each had made the awful discovery that their supposed friendship was something far more tender and far-reaching.

"I'll never see her again!" sighed Jack.

"Who?" said I. "The widow?"

"The widow!" exclaimed Jack, contemptuously; "no—poor little Louie!"

"But you'll see the widow?"

"Oh, yes," said Jack, dryly. "I'll have to be there."

"Why not kick it all up, and go home on leave of absence?"

Jack shook his head despairingly.

"No chance," he muttered—"not a ghost of a one. My sentence is pronounced; I must go to execution. It's my own doing, too. I've given my own word."

"Next Tuesday?"

"Next Tuesday."

"Where?"

"St. Malachi's."

"Oh, it will be at church, then?"

"Yes."

"Who's the parson?"

"Oh, old Fletcher."

"At what time?"

"Twelve; and see here, Macrorie, you'll stand by a fellow—of course—won't you? see me off—you know—adjust the noose, watch the drop fall—and see poor Jack Randolph launched into—matri-mony!"

"Oh, of course."

Silence followed, and soon I took my departure, leaving Jack to his meditations and his despair.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—A FRIEND'S APOLOGY FOR A FRIEND.—JACK DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF A DEEP ABYSS OF WOR.—HIS DESPAIR.—THE HOUR AND THE MAN!—WHERE IS THE WOMAN?—A SACRED SPOT.—OLD FLETCHER.

Jack's strange revelation excited my deepest sympathy, but I did not see how it was possible for him to get rid of his difficulty. One way was certainly possible. He could easily get leave of absence and go home, for the sake of attending to his estates. Once in England, he could sell out, and retire from the army altogether, or exchange into another regiment. This was certainly possible physically; but to Jack it was morally impossible.

Now, Jack has appeared in this story in very awkward circumstances, engaging himself right and left to every young lady that he fancied, with a fatal thoughtlessness, that cannot be too strongly reprehended. Such very diffusive affection might argue a lack of principle. Yet, after all, Jack was a man with a high sense of honor. The only difficulty was this, that he was too susceptible. All susceptible men can easily understand such a character. I'm an awfully susceptible man myself, as I have already had the honor of announcing, and am, moreover, a man of honor—consequently I feel strongly for Jack, and always did feel strongly for him.

Given, then, a man of very great susceptibility, and a very high sense of honor, and what would he do?

Why, in the first place, as a matter of course, his too susceptible heart would involve him in many tendernesses; and, if he was as reckless and thoughtless as Jack, he would be drawn into inconvenient entanglements; and, perhaps, like Jack, before he knew what he was about, he might find himself engaged to three different ladies, and in love with a fourth.

In the second place, his high sense of honor would make him eager to do his duty by them all. Of course, this would be impossible. Yet Jack had done his best. He had offered immediate marriage to Miss Phillips, and had proposed an elopement to Number Three. This shows that his impulses led him to blind acts which tended in a vague way to do justice to the particular lady who happened for the time being to be in his mind.

And so Jack had gone blundering on until at last he found himself at the mercy of the widow. The others had given him up in scorn. She would not give him up. He was bound fast. He felt the bond. In the midst of this his susceptibility drove him on further, and, instead of trying to get out of his difficulties, he had madly thrust himself further into them.

And there he was—doomed—looking forward to the fateful Tuesday.

He felt the full terror of his doom, but did not think of trying to evade it. He was bound. His word was given. He considered it irrevocable. Flight? He thought no more of that than he thought of committing a murder. He would actually have given all that he had, and more too, for the sake of getting rid of the widow; but he would not be what he considered a sneak, even for that.

There was, therefore, no help for it. He was doomed. Tuesday! June 20th! St. Malachi's! Old Fletcher! Launched into matrimony! Hence his despair.

During the intervening days I did not see him. I did not visit him, and he did not come near me. Much as I sympathized with him in his woes, I knew that I could do nothing and say nothing. Besides, I had my own troubles. Every time I went to O'Halloran's, Marion's shyness, and reserve, and timidity, grew more marked. Every time that I came home, I kept bothering myself as to the possible cause of all this, and tormented myself as to the reason of such a change in her.

One day I called at the Berton's. I didn't see Louie. I asked after her, and they told me she was not well. I hoped it was nothing serious, and felt relieved at learning that it was nothing but a "slight cold." I understood that. Poor Louie! Poor Jack! Would that

"slight cold" grow worse, or would she get over it in time? She did not seem to be of a morbid, moping nature. There was every reason to hope that such a one as she was would surmount it. And yet it was hard to say. It is often these very natures—buoyant, robust, healthy, straightforward—which feel the most. They are not impressible. They are not touched by every new emotion. And so it sometimes happens that, when they do feel, the feeling lasts forever.

Tuesday, at last, came—the 20th—the fated day!

At about eleven o'clock I entered Jack's room, prepared to act my part and stand by his side in that supreme moment of fate.

Jack was lying on the sofa, as I came in. He rose and pressed my hand in silence. I said nothing, but took my seat in an easy-chair. Jack was arrayed for the ceremony in all respects, except his coat, instead of which garment he wore a dressing-gown. He was smoking vigorously. His face was very pale, and, from time to time, a heavy sigh escaped him.

I was very forcibly struck by the strong resemblance which there was between Jack, on the present occasion, and a condemned prisoner before his execution. So strong was this, that, somehow, as I sat there in silence, a vague idea came into my head that Jack was actually going to be hanged; and, before I knew where my thoughts were leading me, I began to think, in a misty way, of the propriety of calling in a clergyman to administer ghostly consolation to the poor condemned in his last moments. It was only with an effort that I was able to get rid of this idea, and come back from this foolish, yet not unnatural fancy, to the reality of the present situation. There was every reason, indeed, for such a momentary misconception. The sadness, the silence, the gloom, all suggested some prison cell; and Jack, prostrate, stricken, miserable, mute, and despairing, could not fail to suggest the doomed victim.

After a time Jack rose, and, going to the sideboard, offered me something to drink. I declined. Whereupon he poured out a tumblerful of raw brandy and hastily swallowed it. As he had done that very same thing before, I began to think that he was going a little too far.

"See here, old boy," said I, "arn't you a little reckless? That sort of thing isn't exactly the best kind of preparation for the event—is it?"

"What?—this?" said Jack, holding up the empty tumbler, with a gloomy glance toward me; "oh, its nothing. I've been drenching myself with brandy this last week. It's the only thing I can do. The worst of it is, it don't have much effect now. I have to drink too much of it before I can bring myself into a proper state of calm."

"Calm!" said I, "calm! I tell you what it is, old chap, you'll find it'll be any thing but calm. You'll have delirium tremens before the week's out, at this rate."

"Delirium tremens?" said Jack, with a faint, cynical laugh. "No go, my boy—too late. Not time now. If it had only come yesterday, I might have had a reprieve. But it didn't come. And so I have only a tremendous headache. I've less than an hour, and can't get it up in that time. Let me have my swing, old man. I'd do as much for you."

And, saying this, he drank off a half tumbler more.

"There," said he, going back to the sofa. "That's better. I feel more able to go through with it. It takes a good lot now, though, to get a fellow's courage up."

After this, Jack again relapsed into silence, which I ventured to interrupt with a few questions as to the nature of the coming ceremony. Jack's answers were short, reluctant, and dragged from him piecemeal. It was a thing which he had to face in a very short time, and any other subject was preferable as a theme for conversation.

"Will there be much of a crowd?"

"Oh, no."

"You didn't invite any."

"Me? invite any? Good Lord! I should think not!"

"Perhaps she has?"

"Oh, no; she said she wouldn't."

"Well, I dare say the town, by this time, has got wind of it, and the church'll be full."

"No, I think not," said Jack, with a sigh.

"Oh, I don't know; it's not a common affair."

"Well, she told me she had kept it a secret—and you and Louie

are the only ones I've told it to—so, unless you have told about it, no one knows."

"I haven't told a soul."

"Then I don't see how anybody can know, unless old Fletcher has proclaimed it."

"Not he; he wouldn't take the trouble."

"I don't care," said Jack, morosely, "how many are there, or how few. Crowd or no crowd, it makes small difference to me, by Jove!"

"Look here, old fellow," said I, suddenly, after some further conversation, "if you're going, you'd better start. It's a quarter to twelve now."

Jack gave a groan and rose from his sofa. He went into his dressing-room and soon returned, in his festive array, with a face of despair that was singularly at variance with his costume. Before starting, in spite of my remonstrances, he swallowed another draught of brandy. I began to doubt whether he would be able to stand up at the ceremony.

St. Malachi's was not far away, and a few minutes' drive brought us there:

The church was quite empty. A few stragglers, unknown to us, had taken seats in the front pews. Old Fletcher was in the chancel. We walked up and shook hands with him. He greeted Jack with an affectionate earnestness of congratulation, which, I was sorry to see, was not properly responded to.

After a few words, we all sat down in the choir.

It wanted about five minutes of the time.

The widow was expected every moment.

Old Fletcher now subsided into dignified silence. I fidgeted about, and looked at my watch every half-minute. As for Jack, he buried his face in his hands and sat motionless.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"  
"THE BROWNS," ETC.

### CHAPTER XLII.—EXCHANGED INTO THE TWO-HUNDREDTH.

FRANK was not in spirits to go to his club, or anywhere else, after the events of the afternoon. He made a rush for the train instead, thirsting for the quiet of his quarters, in which, at least, he could lock himself in, and be free from intruders; with the same desire for solitude, he ensconced himself as usual in a corner of a railway-carriage, hoping there, at least, to be able to indulge his thoughts in peace. But it was a summer's day, not yet dark, so that he could not hide himself; and his consternation may be imagined when, two or three minutes after, he heard the voice of Mrs. Rich asking for the Royal-borough carriage. "Bless us, there is Mr. Renton, Nelly!" she said, a minute after, for Frank had given a start at the sound of her, and probably caught her eye by the movement, though he had sunk the next minute into the profoundest shade. But, after this, there was nothing to be done but to jump out, and make himself useful to the ladies, and give up his hoped-for solitude. Nelly, of all people in the world, to face him at such a moment! To Frank it seemed as if fate was against him. He had to go through the usual round of salutations, and express his satisfaction at meeting them, while all the time he fretted and fumed. It was not even as if they had been three, which is a safe party. Mrs. Rich had a companion, a lady of about her own age, who was going to Richmond with them, so that Nelly was left to Frank. Neither her mother nor she thought it a bad arrangement. She made her way to the farther window, and seated herself, leaving Frank no alternative but the seat beside her. And she was very lively and full of animation—a bright, smiling creature, pleasant to look upon. It would be impossible to describe Frank's feelings as he seated himself beside her, with a gap of two vacant seats between him and the elder ladies at the other side, and the noise of the train to favor a *l'été-à-l'été*. "Come and tell me what you have been about," said Nelly. "Are you always running up and down to town, you idle guardsman? I never go but I see heaps of you. Tell me what you have been about."

"You had better tell me what you have been about," said Frank;



"that would be more interesting. Shopping? or picture-seeing? or—oh, I perceive, the flower-show. I had forgotten that."

"You were not there," said Nelly, quickly—"for I looked. There was Lord Edgbaston, and I don't know how many more, who are always to be seen everywhere—but not you."

"I was engaged on much less pleasant business," said Frank, to whom it suddenly occurred that here was an opportunity to tell some portion of his news. It could not be told too soon, especially considering all that had happened since.

"Less pleasant!" repeated Nelly. "They are very slow and stupid, I think, unless one has some one to talk to one likes. As for the flowers, one can see them anywhere. I had Lord Edgbaston, your charming friend, Mr. Renton; and he was not lively. I don't suppose his talents lie in the way of talk."

"He is a very good fellow," said Frank, with a certain tenderness; thinking how soon he should have left all these pleasant companions; his heart melted to them, and his voice took a sufficiently lugubrious tone.

"How doleful you are!" cried Nelly, laughing; "one would think you were going to cry. What has been going on? Tell me, has some one been unkind? And I declare you are quite pale. I am getting very much interested—do let me know!"

"I don't know that you will be at all interested when you hear," said Frank, with a certain desperation. "I have just been settling matters about my exchange into the Two-hundredth. They are to sail for India in three months, and it is not cheerful work."

"To sail for India in three months!" said Nelly. The change that came over her face was indescribable. A half-amused incredulity, then the startled pause, with which she might have said, this is too serious a matter to joke about: and then consternation, anger, mortification. She grew pale, and then brilliant crimson, which dyed her clear, dark skin, as much as could be seen of it. She had a right to look at him with eyes of keen inquiry—not a right to interfere or find fault—but yet a right to ask the question. He had gone so far that she had, at least, that claim.

"Yes," he said, with an exquisite discomfort, such as would have been punishment enough for worse treachery than he was guilty of. "I have been putting it off and wasting my time, beguiled by pleasant things. But to-day matters became urgent, and I settled it. I could delay no longer," he said, with apology in his tone; "it is not a cheerful piece of work, as I say."

Nelly did not answer a word. She was struck dumb. That day, under the lime-trees, he had certainly said not a word about India. He had not said all which the opportunity might have justified him in saying. He had been unsatisfactory, indeed, and made very poor use of the opportunity. But still he had not so much as hinted at any thing which could explain this. She sat in her corner, bending toward him a little, as she had been before he made this startling intimation. What could it mean? Could he intend to ask her to go there with him? Nelly's heart gave a sudden bound at the thought. She was so adventurous and eager for change that India itself would not have frightened her. Could that be what he meant? She did not change her position, but sat still, turned toward him in a listening attitude, with her eyes cast down, and a certain sharpness of expectation in her face. The idea was quite new and startling, but it was not unpleasant. She waited, with a tingling in her ears, a sudden sense of quickened pulsation and tightened breath, for the next words he should say.

But at that moment dumbness, too, fell upon Frank. His lips grew dry, his tongue clove to his mouth. He turned a little away, and began to play unconsciously with the little cane in his hand, flicking his boot with it—he had no conception why. It seemed to him as if all his powers of speech were exhausted, and not a word would come. If only there might be a stoppage at some station, or an accident, or any thing! He would have welcomed any incident that would have interrupted this horrible pause. And not a word would come to his lips. He tried to make up some ordinary question about the flower-show, but it would not do. He sat in a frightful consciousness—afraid to look at her, wondering what she was thinking of it, how she would receive it. And the train was one of those nice, quick express-trains, which stop only at Slowley Junction. The poor young fellow thought he would have gone mad with that awful pause and stoppage of talk, and the everlasting iron murmur and clank of the wheels.

It was full five minutes before any one spoke, and that at such a time, of course, seemed a year. Then it was Nelly who resumed the conversation, in a tone clear and distinct, with a modulation of contempt in it which set Frank's nerves on edge. "I do not see why it should not be cheerful work," she said; "no doubt you like it or you would not have done it; but it is sudden surely, Mr. Renton?" And, Frank, who did not look at her, who was busy still with his cane and his boot, felt that she was looking steadily at him.

And he was aggravated by the tone. It was the second time that afternoon in which he had been contemptuously spoken to. By Mrs. Severn, first of all, who had certainly no right to do it, and who had taken pains to make him understand how little important he was to her, what small hesitation she would have had in cutting him off from all good offices. And now Nelly, who might have an excuse, adopted the same tone. Naturally, it was the one who had some justification for her scorn who bore the brunt of both offences. He looked up at her, and met full, as she had not expected him to meet, the look of restrained resentment, indignation, and wounded feeling with which she regarded him. Though he was in the wrong, he met her eyes with more fortitude than her own. He it was who had been the traitor, and, therefore, he took the upper hand. "I am surprised you should think it sudden," he said, fixing his eyes upon her so resolutely that Nelly's could not bear the gaze. "I have been in negotiation about it more or less since ever I knew you. The opportunity has been sudden, but not the intention." Thus the man, being unmoved by any thing but a passing compunction which he had overcome, got the better of the woman whose heart had been touched ever so little. He looked full at her, and he looked her down.

"But I thought you had changed your mind," said Nelly, softly, with an effort to preserve her calm.

"Oh, no, never!" answered Frank, in his majestic way. And then she turned her face round to the window, and gazed steadily out. It was not that she was in love with him—not much. But she was a girl who had had every toy she ever longed for in all her life, and now for the first time she was denied. She turned to the window, and sudden tears sprang into her eyes. Her own impression was that she was struck to the heart. Her lip quivered; there was a painful clinking in her throat. She had been so bright, so lively, so full of enjoyment—and now the revulsion came. But she was proud enough not to make any very distinct self-betrayal. She did not mind showing him that she was offended. Even had it come to a little outbreak of passion and tears, she would not, perhaps, have very much minded. But all she did now was to turn away her face. Turning round, and gazing very fixedly out of a window after a short interval of very lively and friendly conversation, is a sufficiently marked sign that something is wrong. But Nelly did not utter any reproach. He had faced her, and intimated to her, almost in so many words, that it was a matter she had nothing to do with; and she accepted the intimation. But she did not think it necessary to put an amiable face upon it, as so many girls would have done. She had turned almost her back upon him before they got to Slowley, where the gorgeous carriage of the Riches—much the most splendid in the county, with a coat-of-arms as big as a soup-plate upon the panel—was waiting for them. And, when Frank got out, and gave her his hand to alight, Nelly sprang past him without taking any notice. "Good-by, Mr. Renton; I suppose we shall see you before you go," she said, without looking at him. Mrs. Rich thought her daughter must be out of her senses when she heard the news, which it cost Nelly an effort to tell with composure. She had lost all her color, and looked black, and pale, and gleaming, and dangerous, when the Royalborough train glided on; and Mrs. Rich, after an affectionate farewell to Frank, leisurely ascended into her carriage. "Have you quarrelled with Frank Renton, my dear?" she said, with a little alarm.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Nelly. "I told him to come and see us before he went away."

"Before he went away!" said Mrs. Rich, surprised.

"Yes. He has exchanged into the Two-hundredth, and they are going to India," said Nelly, following the train, as it swept along the curves, with an eye which was far from friendly. And Mrs. Rich's conclusion was that the young man must be mad.

Nor must it be supposed that his thoughts were particularly comfortable as he pursued his way. He was not vain enough to be gratified by Nelly's mortification, and he could not copeal from himself the fact that he had not behaved quite as he ought to have done. He

had not gone any great length, but still he had said and done enough to justify these kind people in thinking badly of him. He had made them an ungracious return for their hospitality and kindness. And when they should come to know that he was going to be married before he left, and that it was Alice Severn who was to be his bride, what would they think? Would it not look as if he had gone to Richmond and pretended to pay court to Nelly for the sake of their visitor? Would it not be supposed that both he and his innocent Alice had been traitors?—his innocent Alice, to whom the very thought of evil was unknown. And then there was Alice's mother—though she did not like him—who might be injured by this misconception. Mr. Rich was her patron, he had heard. All this maze of humiliating contingencies made Frank half frantic. He was angry with Mrs. Severn for being a painter—angry with the Riches for buying her pictures—angry that there should be any connection, and that, above all, a connection as of patron and dependant between the family of the girl he might have married and that of the girl he loved. Thinking it over, his very soul grew sick of the imbroglia. If he could but rush up to town and take his Alice to church, and be off to India the very same day—seeing nobody, making explanations to nobody—that was the only way of managing matters which could be in the least degree satisfactory, and that was impossible. Mothers of far higher pretensions than Mrs. Severn would, he knew, have received his suit much less cavalierly. He would have her susceptibilities to *ménager* as well as those of everybody else. There was not a point in the whole business, except Alice herself, upon which he could look with the least satisfaction; and, indeed, it said a great deal for Frank's love that Alice herself retained his allegiance unbroken through all.

Next morning Frank hurried over to Renton at an hour so early as to startle himself and everybody concerned. He met his cousin Mary as she made her habitual round of the flower-beds before breakfast. It had always been hard work to get him to be ready for breakfast at all, not to speak of sauntering in the garden. And yet he had come from Royalborough all the way. Mary held out her hand to him with a little cry of surprise.

"Is it you, Frank, or your double?" she cried, in her amaze. "It does not seem possible it can be you."

"I wish I had a double who would be so obliging as to do half my work for me," said Frank, dolefully. "It is me, worse luck! and if you don't stand my friend, Mary, I don't know what I shall do."

"Of course, I will stand your friend. But, Frank, what is it?" cried Mary, gliding her arm within his with sisterly confidence. And he took breath for a few minutes without saying a word, leading her from the front of the house out of sight under the shadow of the trees.

"I may as well tell you at once," he said, after this pause. "I could not stand it any longer. I have settled all about my exchange, and I am going to India in three months."

"To India!" said Mary. But she had a brother in India, and perhaps it was not quite so appalling to her as Frank expected it to be. She made a little pause, however, and then she said, "Poor god-mamma!" with as much feeling as he could desire.

"Well," said Frank, "could I help it? It is my father you must blame. How was it to be expected that I could get on in the most expensive regiment in the service after what has happened? It was my duty to do something, and this was the only thing I could do."

"I am not blaming you, Frank; I only said 'Poor god-mamma!' She will feel it so," said Mary, "especially after what you gave us to understand last time, that—that there might be another way—"

"That was folly," said Frank, hotly; and then he added, with humility, "but I have not told you half all. You must do more for me yet. Mary, I am going to get married before I go."

"To get married!" Mary repeated with a start; and then she clasped his arm tight with both her hands, and looked up joyfully in his face. "Then you must have been fond of her after all," she cried. "It was not her money you were thinking of. Oh, Frank! don't be angry. It made me so unhappy to think you were going to marry her for her money."

"Good Heavens! this girl will drive me mad!" cried Frank. "What nonsense are you thinking of now? Money! she has not a penny, and you never heard of her in your life."

"It is not Nelly Rich, then?" said Mary, faltering and withdrawing the clasping hands from his arm.

"Nelly Rich! that was all your own invention and my mother's," said Frank—"not mine. I said she would have suited Laurie. If you chose to make up a story, that was not my fault."

There was a pause after this, for Mary remembered but too distinctly the conversation about Nelly, and could not acknowledge that the story was of her invention. But she could hold her tongue, and did so steadily, making no remark, which Frank felt was as great an injury to him as if she had enlarged on the subject. He went along under the trees, quickening his pace in his agitation, without much thought of Mary, who had to change her steps two or three times to keep up with him.

"I suppose you have no further curiosity," he said at length; "you don't want to know who it really is."

"Yes, Frank; when you will tell me," said Mary, holding her ground.

"You are very provoking," said her cousin; "if it were not that I had such need of you! You should not aggravate a poor fellow that throws himself, as it were, on your assistance; I will tell you who it is, whether you care to hear or no. It is Alice Severn—Mrs. Severn's daughter, who was Laurie's great friend."

"Laurie again!" said Mary, amazed; "Mrs. Severn! Are we never to have an end of Laurie's friends? You told me she had no daughters. You said something about a little girl. Ah, Frank! I am afraid it is some widow coquette that first made a victim of Laurie and now has done the same to you. I knew there was something mysterious about his going away."

"I wish you would talk of things you understand," said Frank, indignantly. "Alice is only sixteen. She is, I believe, the purest, simplest creature that ever lived. As for Laurie, she was a child to him—he treated her like a child."

"Sixteen! Of course, she is only a child," said Mary; "and Mrs. Severn the painter's daughter! Frank, you must be mad."

"I think I shall be, unless you help me," said the young soldier.

"Her mother is furious against me, Mary; and so will my own mother be, I suppose. But what does it matter when we are going to India? We shall be able to live on what we have. She has no expensive tastes, nor have I."

"You—no expensive tastes?" cried Mary. "Oh, Frank! do pause and think. I did not care for Nelly Rich, but this is far worse. Nelly Rich was of no family, but she had money; whereas this girl is—"

"The creature I love best in the world," said Frank, interrupting her hastily, a sudden glow upon his face. "It is of no use speaking. If I have to give up mother, and home, and friends, and all I have in the world, I shall still have Alice—and Alice means every thing. It is because you don't know her. But I tell you there never was any one like her. And, Mary, if you don't stand by us, I will throw up every thing else I care for in the world."

"But not her?" asked his cousin, raising her eyes to his face.

"Never her!" cried the young man. "Give up my Alice! Not for twenty mothers! I don't mind what people choose to say. We are going to India, and it will not matter to us—not your objections, nor mamma's objections, nor any thing in the world. She shall go with me, if I run away with her. You understand me now?"

"Is she the kind of girl to run away with you?" said Mary, still looking earnestly in his face.

"No," said Frank, with a little outburst of impatience, "I wish she was. You may think how unpleasant it is to me to put myself at that woman's feet, and plead as if I were a beggar. And she hates me; but Alice stands fast, bless her! And her mother can refuse her nothing," he added, with a sudden breath of satisfaction. He was flushed and excited with his story. Mary had never seen him look so manly, so bright, and full of energy. He had made up his mind—that was something gained, at least.

And then there was another pause. Mary did not know how to reply. Frank was in love, and that was a great, the greatest recommendation in his favor. But this Alice, this creature of sixteen, a girl altogether out of his sphere—it was impossible for his cousin, brought up in the prejudices of her class, not to feel that there must have been some "artfulness," some design upon the innocent young Guardsman, some triumphant scheme, to lead away so guileless a member of society; and what if it were the same scheme which had wounded Laurie too, and sent him away with, perhaps, a broken heart! Such were Mary's thoughts as she listened. And what could

she do? Make herself a party to this artful plan? Countenance the girl, and help Frank to ruin himself? How could she do it? And there were all the speculations about Nelly Rich which had thus fallen to the ground—and all her godmother's hopes of the money Frank was to marry. Her mind was full of perplexity. "I do not see what I can do," she said, faltering. "I don't understand it at all. There was, first, Miss Rich, and we had made up our minds to that; and now, all at once, it turns out not to be Miss Rich, but a girl no one ever heard of. I don't know what to make of it, Frank. How can I stand your friend? You are scarcely one-and-twenty. You don't want a wife at all, that I can see; and going to India too! And a girl of sixteen! I think you are quite unreasonable. As for poor godmamma, I don't know how she is to bear it. I see nothing but folly in it myself, and what can I say?"

Frank made no answer; he turned with her toward the house, from which, some time before, they had heard the sound of the breakfast-bell. The old butler stood at the window with his napkin in his hand, looking anxiously about the flower-garden for Miss Mary, and much puzzled to divine whose was the figure which he saw in the distance by her side. Mary had dropped her cousin's arm, and the two walked onward, side by side, like people who have quarrelled, or between whom, at least, some difficulty has arisen. "My mother does not get up to breakfast?" Frank had said, and Mary had answered "No," and they had gone on again without further communication. But yet Frank was not so cast down as he might have been supposed to be. He was sure of Mary, though Mary was so doubtful of him. When they sat down together to breakfast in the sunshiny quiet of the great brown dining-room, they went over and over the subject again, and yet again. Frank was not aware that he had any skill in description, but, all unawares, he placed before his cousin such a picture of Alice and her curls, as touched Mary Westbury's heart. "If my mother once heard her play, she would never ask another question," Frank said, in his simplicity; and he confided to Mary more of his troubles in respect to Nelly Rich than he had ever thought to tell. "It is a sneaking sort of thing for a man to say," Frank admitted, with a flush on his face, "but it wasn't all my doing. I declare I thought old Rich meant to offer her to me the first hour I was in the house. I should never have thought of it myself. And I met her to-day, Mary, and told her plainly I was going to India. She is sharp enough. You may be sure a fellow would never need to make long explanations to her. She understood without a word."

"And did she understand this too?" said Mary, from her judicial seat.

"No, by Jove, I could not tell her that," said Frank, "that is the worst of it. They will think it was all made up then, and that Alice and I were laughing at them. They are sure to think that, but it is not true. Such an idea had never come into her innocent head; and as for me, I tried never to look at her, never to speak to her, to think of Nelly only—like a cur—for her money," said Frank, with a novel fervor of self-disgust. "And she's not a bad sort of girl, I can tell you, Mary. I'd like her to know there was no treachery meant."

"I am glad you have so much feeling, at least," said Mary, the Mentor, looking at him with more charitable eyes.

"Oh, feeling!" cried Frank, "I wish you would not speak of feeling. And then there is her mother. She will consent for Alice's sake; but she hates me. And mamma will go out of her senses, I suppose," said the young man, disconsolately. He looked so discouraged, so anxious, so boyish, amid all the serious complications he had gathered round him, that it was all Mary Westbury could do to restrain a momentary laugh. And yet there were few cases less laughable when you come to think of it. To be sure, there always remained the question—a question which every sensible person might ask—Why was it needful that a young man of one-and-twenty and a girl of sixteen should marry at all? Seven years later would be quite time enough. They had set their hearts upon it: but why should they more than other people have the desire of their hearts? Mary, for her own part, had set her heart repeatedly on things that had not come, and were very unlikely to come to her. And why Frank and his Alice should have their will at once out of hand she could not see. But after all, it might be the best way of cutting the knot. It was better in her opinion that he should marry anyhow for love, than in the most favorable way for wealth. And before Frank quitted Renton, Mary had undertaken this all but impossible task.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HILDA, SPINNING.

SPINNING, spinning, by the sea,  
All the night!  
On a stormy, rock-ribbed shore,  
Where the north-winds downward pour,  
And the tempests fiercely sweep,  
From the mountains to the deep,  
Hilda spins beside the sea,  
All the night!

Spinning, at her lonely window,  
By the sea!  
With her candle burning clear,  
Every night of all the year,  
And her sweet voice crooning low,  
Quaint old songs of love and woe,  
Spins she at her lonely window,  
By the sea

On a bitter night in March,  
Long ago,  
Hilda, very young and fair,  
With a crown of golden hair,  
Watched the tempest raging wild,  
Watched the roaring sea—and smiled—  
Through that woful night in March,  
Long ago!

What, though all the winds were out,  
In their might?  
Richard's boat was tried and true;  
Stanch and brave his hardy crew;  
Strongest he to do or dare.  
Said she, breathing forth a prayer:  
"He is safe, though winds are out  
In their might!"

But, at length, the morning dawned,  
Still and clear;  
Calm, in azure splendor, lay  
All the waters of the bay;  
And the ocean's angry moans  
Sank to solemn undertones,  
As, at last, the morning dawned  
Still and clear!

With her waves of golden hair  
Floating free,  
Hilda ran along the shore,  
Gazing off the waters o'er;  
And the fishermen replied:  
"He will come in with the tide,"  
As they saw her golden hair  
Floating free!

Ah! he came in with the tide,  
Came alone!  
Tossed upon the shining sands—  
Ghastly face and clutching hands—  
Seaweed tangled in his hair—  
Bruised and torn his forehead fair—  
Thus he came in with the tide,  
All alone!

Hilda watched beside her dead,  
Day and night.  
Of those hours of mortal woe,  
Human ken may never know;  
She was silent, and his ear  
Kept the secret, close and dear,  
Of her watch beside her dead,  
Day and night!



What she promised in the darkness,  
Who can tell?  
But, upon that rock-ribbed shore  
Burns a beacon evermore!  
And, beside it, all the night,  
Hilda guards the lonely light,  
Though what vowed she in the darkness,  
None may tell!

Spinning, spinning by the sea,  
All the night!  
While her candle, gleaming wide  
O'er the restless, rolling tide,  
Guides with steady, changeless ray,  
The lone fisher up the bay,  
Hilda spins beside the sea,  
Through the night!

Fifty years of patient spinning  
By the sea!  
Old and worn, she sleeps to-day,  
While the sunshine gilds the bay;  
But her candle, shining clear,  
Every night of all the year,  
Still is telling of her spinning  
By the sea!

### EPIGRAMS.\*

THE Epigram is defined as "the just expression of a single thought with brevity and poetic beauty;" or, as "a short poem, or composition in verse, treating only of one thing, and ending with some point or lively, ingenious thought;" or, again, by Le Brun, as "a little poem, on any subject, ending with a lively, just, and unexpected thought."

Originally an "inscription" on tomb, statue, or other structure, the epigram was used to express either respect for the memory of the dead or admiration for the acts of the living. Confined to a limited space, these inscriptions naturally sought to condense the thought expressed into terse and pointed language, and thus assumed a specific and positive character, differing from that of any other kind of writing.

The epigrams of the early Greeks, dating back to a period six hundred years before the Christian era, were first collected by Meleager, a Syrian, who lived B. C. 96. Endowed with the spirit which impelled "Old Mortality" to the restoration of more modern inscriptions, this Syrian seems to have devoted himself with earnestness and affection to his self-imposed task of preserving the scattered fragments of the inscriptive muse of Greece.

These included certain short sentences inscribed on offerings in the temple, on buildings in general, and on statues of gods, heroes, living or dead men; and were either in prose or verse. Sometimes they embodied a moral principle, or the bearing of a law; sometimes they were epitaphs, panegyrics, tributes to beauty, or complaints; and, at last, it got to be that any distinct idea or insulated argument, expressed in a concentrated form, became an epigram. Those of the ancient Greeks were usually simple and witty, but not biting or sarcastic, differing in this from those that came after them.

The collection of Meleager included epigrams by forty-six different writers, but, unfortunately, has disappeared, the manuscripts succumbing to the ravages of time and the negligence of the librarians of the period. Meleager was himself a poet of some pretensions, and left behind him more than a hundred epigrams, chiefly amorous, which form a part of subsequent collections. His own "Anthology" became the basis upon which Agathias, in the sixth century, Cephalas, in the tenth, and Planudes, in the fourteenth, built other similar collections, which have come down to our own day. The first printed Anthology was issued by Lascaris, in Florence, 1494; and Brunck and Jacobs, three centuries later, made still more complete collections.

\* Dodd, Rev. Philip Henry, M. A. "The Epigrammatists: a Selection from the Epigrammatic Literature of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Times." 8vo. London: Bell & Daldy. 1870.

In England there have been numerous Anthologies of different degrees of completeness, but nothing has hitherto appeared presenting the biographical and bibliographical features of the work of Mr. Dodd, or giving so extensive and well-selected a collection of the epigrams of all languages and epochs.

Prior to the second century before the Christian era, the Greek epigrammatists appear to have devoted themselves solely to the production of brief and well-turned verses, having some central idea and unity of construction, but no special point. But, after that period, the epigram became, among the Greeks, not only satirical, but vulgar, and was frequently used as a vehicle for conveying personal criticism and contemptuous sarcasm.

The Roman epigrammatists copied the later Greeks, and used this style of writing either for fulsome flattery, for licentious suggestion, or for coarse abuse. Of all these writers, Martial is the most important, both for the extent and the peculiar character of his verses. He left fifteen hundred epigrams, many of which are not sufficiently decent for quotation.

After Martial, we have Catullus, Petronius, and Propertius, as representatives of the Latin epigrammatists, and these have all alike devoted themselves to celebrating the delights of love or the sensual pleasures of wine. Still, from these pungent pen-pictures, we obtain an insight into the private life and the very thoughts of the Greeks and Romans, to be gained in no other way. As their epics, orations, and histories, inform us concerning their public progress and political character, so, in their epigrams and minor poetry, must we seek for illustrations or reflections of their domestic life, friendships, love, doubt, hate, and envy. "These," says the Rev. Robert Bland, "like planks of a mighty wreck, help to convey to us some idea of the majesty of the vessel which has gone to pieces." These introduce us to the customs, manners, and transactions of the age; we follow individuals into retirement; are made companions of their leisure, and are present at their tables, games, births, nuptials, and festivities.

Simonides's lines on Megistias, the prophet, who perished at Thermopylæ, with inscriptions on other heroes of that great battle, are preserved to us by Herodotus.

Four lines on a monument at Corinth tell us of the Corinthian warriors who fell at Salamis.

The epigram flourished among the Romans—perhaps as was natural—at the most corrupt times; and the most piquant among them are the most licentious.

But, after all, one can best judge of the character of writings from illustrative examples. We will quote a few specimen-pieces from the more noteworthy of each age and country.

Sappho, whose unhappy love and tragic death have made her a favorite subject with later poets, was an epigrammatist of wonderful truth, poetic beauty, and sympathy with Nature. Her "Lover's Address to his Mistress" presents a good idea of the style and sentiment of her writings:

"Blest as th' immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.  
'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,  
And raised such tumults in my breast;  
For while I gazed, in transport tossed,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost;  
My bosom glowed: the subtle flame  
Ran quick through all my vital frame;  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.  
In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;  
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;  
My feeble pulse forgot to play;  
I fainted, sank, and died away."

Another, which expresses the sense of Nature's repose, with the perfection of laconism, is—

#### THE FOREST-COUCH.

"The cool, low-babbling stream  
Mid quince-groves deep,  
And gently-rushing leaves  
Bring on soft sleep."

Anacreon, perhaps the most celebrated and best known of all the ancient epigrammatists, rests, unfortunately, under the doubt of not having composed his own poetry; but, among those epigrams at-

tributed to him, perhaps there is none neater than the following, probably the original effort at clothing the beautiful thought which has since become commonplace in appropriate language :

## TO HIS MISTRESS.

"Why so coy, my lovely maid !  
Why of age so much afraid !  
Your cheeks, like roses, to the sight,  
And my hair, as lilies white ;  
In love's garland, we'll suppose  
Me the lily, you the rose."

Even Plato, the philosopher, did not disdain to express himself through the piquant and charming medium of the epigram, and the following, translated by Shelley, is certainly a most pretty conceit :

## THE LIGHT OF BEAUTY UNQUENCHED IN DEATH.

"Thou wert the morning-star among the living  
Ere thy fair light had fled ;  
Now, having died, thou art, as Hesperus, giving  
New splendor to the dead."

Menander, a writer of comedy, flourished *b. c.* 321 ; he wrote the following :

"Go to the roadside-graves thyself to know,  
Muse on the bones and dust that sleep below ;  
There sleeps the monarch, there the despot lies,  
The rich, the proud, the beautiful, the wise.  
Mown down by Time, these found a common tomb,  
And tell thee what thou art and what thy doom."

Of Melcager, to whose "Anthology" we have before referred, we have the following :

"Thou flower-fed bee ! Why leave the buds of spring  
And to my loved one's breast thy fond flight wing ?  
Is it to warn us that Love tips his dart  
With gall and honey for his victim's heart ?  
It is, it is ! But go, light wanton, go !  
The bitter truth you teach too well I know."

Lucilius, who lived in the second century, wrote the following, which stands alone in merit among the early satirical epigrams :

## A MISER'S DREAM.

"Flint dreamed he gave a feast, 'twas regal fare,  
And hanged himself in sleep in sheer despair."

Turning to the early Latin epigrammatists, we have, from Catullus :

## ON THE INCONSTANCY OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

"My fair says, she no spouse but me  
Would wed, though Jove himself were he.  
She says it ; but I deem  
That what the fair to lovers swear  
Should be inscribed upon the air,  
Or in the running stream."

Nothing could be more prettily expressed than this idea of fickleness ; and the best evidence of its merit is the frequency with which it recurs in modern literature.

One of the best of Martial's epigrams is the following, illustrating that unselfishness of soul which appreciates better the anguish of the loved one than its own :

## PŒTUS AND ARRIA.

"When Arria from her wounded side  
To Pœtus gave the reeking steel,  
'I feel not what I've done,' she cried ;  
'What Pœtus is to do—I feel.'"

Another, by Martial, whose idea has been frequently copied, is on

## THE SUICIDE OF FANNIUS.

"Himself he slow, when he the foe would fly :  
What madness this, for fear of death, to die !"

The following is interesting from its suggestiveness :

"A drop of amber, from a poplar-plant,  
Fell unexpected, and embalmed an ant :  
The little insect we so much contemn,  
Is, from a worthless ant, become a gem."

This doubtless gave to Pope the "happy thought" which resulted in the following :

"Even such small critics some regard may claim,  
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name."

Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !  
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there !"

It would have been strange if the Orientals, with all their rich imagery, and yet their sententiousness, should not have found uses for the epigram ; and we, therefore, are not surprised that Arabic poetry is full of it. Perhaps one of the most characteristic of these is this, by the Caliph Rhadhi Billah, entitled, "To a Lady, upon seeing her blush :"

"Leila ! when'er I gaze on thee,  
My altered cheek turns pale,  
While upon thine, sweet maid, I see  
A deepening blush prevail.  
Leila, shall I the cause impart  
Why such a change takes place ?  
The crimson blood deserts my heart,  
To mantle on thy face."

Leaving the ancients, among the more modern Latin writers, we may quote Scaliger, who has more repute, however, as a critic than as an epigrammatist :

## ON TWO DRUNKARDS.

"The sot Loserus is drunk twice a day,  
Bibinus only once ; now of these say,  
Which may a man the greatest drunkard call ?  
Bibinus still, for he's drunk once for all."

This has furnished the foundation for a standard newspaper joke, of our own day, of the habitual sot who, being fined twice by the judge for drunkenness, alleged that it was "the same old drunk !"

Modern epigrammatic literature commenced with the close of the fifteenth century, and culminated in the eighteenth. The age of Elizabeth, in England, and of Louis XIV., in France, are indeed notable in the history of wit and sarcasm in this form.

Robert Southwell, in the sixteenth century, wrote the following, which is a good illustration of the epigram of his day :

## LOSS IN DELAYS.

"Time wears all his locks before,  
Take thou hold upon his forehead ;  
When he flies, he turns no more,  
And behind his scalp is naked.  
Works adjourned have many stays ;  
Long demurs breed new delays."

Here we have one, by Shakespeare, being the

## EPITAPH ON JOHN COMBE, A USURER.

"Ten in the hundred the devil allows,  
But Combe will have twelve, he swears and he vows ;  
If any one ask, Who lies in this tomb !  
'Ho !' quoth the devil, 'tis my John O'Combe !'"

Ben Jonson was famous for his epigrams ; and that on Shakespeare, prefaced to the first collected edition of his works, in 1623, is so well known that it need hardly be quoted here. His lines,

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," etc.,

are said to have been translated from the Greek of Philostratus. Perhaps the best example of his style is the following, inscribed on the monument to Drayton, the poet :

"And when thy ruins shall disclaim  
To be the treasurer of his name,  
His name, that cannot fade, shall be  
An everlasting monument to thee."

Or this :

## TO A VINTNER.

"God is best pleased, when men forsake their sin ;  
The devil's best pleased, when they persist therein ;  
The world's best pleased, when thou dost sell good wine ;  
And you're best pleased, when I do pay for mine."

This, from the French of St. Evremond, who, in her later years, could still see charms in the gifted Ninon de l'Enclos, is an apt illustration of the delicate flattery of his age and nation :

"No, no—the season to inspire  
A lover's flame is past ;  
But that of glowing with the fire  
As long as life will last."

This, again, by Regnier, is a pretty conceit :

## THE PETITION OF THE VIOLET.

"Modest my color, modest is my place,  
Pleased in the grass my lowly form to hide;  
But mid your tresses might I wind with grace,  
The humblest flower would feel the loftiest pride."

Swift, always sarcastic, never perhaps wrote any thing more severe than the following epigram:

## ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.

"Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,  
To all my friends a burden grown;  
No more I hear my church's bell,  
Than if it rang out for my knell;  
At thunder now no more I start,  
Than at the rumbling of a cart;  
And what's incredible, alack!  
No more I hear a woman's clack."

The writings of Aaron Hill, a poet of some celebrity in the seventeenth century, are now quite forgotten; but the following epigram does not deserve oblivion:

## MODESTY.

"As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,  
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;  
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,  
And she, who means no mischief, does it all."

Pope wrote:

"Friend, for your epitaphs I'm grieved,  
Where still so much is said;  
One-half will never be believed,  
The other never read."

The following, also by Pope, may be accepted as presaging the prominence of the "Bulls" and "Bears" of our own day and generation:

[*Inscription for a punch-bowl, bought in the South Sea year for a club, chased with Jupiter placing Callisto in the skies, and Europa with the Bull.*]

"Come, fill the South Sea goblet full,  
The gods shall of our stock take care,  
Europa, pleased, accepts the Bull,  
And Jove with joy puts off the Bear."

## EPITAPH ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;  
God said, Let Newton be—and all was light!"

This epitaph, which has no equal in any language, was written by Pope for Newton's monument in Westminster Abbey, but a prose Latin inscription was preferred to it.

John Byrom, the son of a linen-draper of Manchester, wrote the following humorous epitaph on "Two Millers of Manchester, named Bone and Skin, who wanted to monopolize Corn:"

"Two millers thin,  
Called Bone and Skin,  
Would starve us all, or near it;  
But be it known,  
To Skin and Bone,  
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it."

Voltaire wrote the following on "Killing Time:"

## TIME SPEAKS.

"There's scarce a point whereon mankind agree  
So well, as in their boast of killing me;  
I boast of nothing, but when I've a mind,  
I think I can be even with mankind."

Dodsley was hardly less satirical, though less savage, than Swift, when he wrote on—

## MARRIAGE IN HEAVEN.

"Cries Sylvia to a reverend Dean,  
What reason can be given,  
Since marriage is a holy thing,  
Why there is none in heaven?  
There are no women, he replied.  
She quick returns the jest:  
Women there are, but I'm afraid  
They cannot find a priest."

One would hardly have suspected Dr. Johnson of the playful satire

that is contained in this epigram, written in imitation of the style of a contemporary poet:

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,  
Wearing out life's evening gray,  
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell,  
Where is bliss, and what the way?  
Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,  
Scarce repressed the starting tear;  
When the smiling sage replied—  
Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

James, Marquis of Montrose, for his fidelity to the cause of the Stuarts, was hung on a gallows, thirty feet high, and his quartered remains exposed over the city-gates of Edinburgh. On the night before his execution, he wrote, on the window of his prison, the following:

"Let them bestow on every airth a limb,  
Then open all my veins, that I may swim  
To Thee my Maker! in that crimson lake;  
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake—  
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air:  
Lord! since thou know'st where all these atoms are,  
I'm hopeful thou'll recover once my dust,  
And confident thou'll raise me with the just."

Not to do injustice to the French, who were masters of the epigrammatic muse, we may quote from Isaac de Benserade, a poet and wit of the seventeenth century:

"In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,  
And born in bed, in bed we die;  
The near approach a bed may show  
Of human bliss to human woe."

Phillip Doddridge, in the eighteenth century, wrote the following on his family motto, "Dum Vivimus Vivamus:"

"'Live, while you live,' the epicure would say,  
'And seize the pleasure of the present day.'  
'Live, while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,  
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'  
Lord, in my views let both united be;  
I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee."

Dr. Johnson called this "one of the finest epigrams in the English language."

Samuel Bishop has been termed "the Martial of England," from the pungency of his satire. The following illustrates the character of his muse:

## THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

"A fool and knave, with different views,  
For Julia's hand apply;  
The knave, to mend his fortune, sues,  
The fool, to please his eye.  
"Ask you, how Julia will behave!  
Depend on't for a rule,  
If she's a fool, she'll wed the knave,  
If she's a knave, the fool."

Lord Erskine wrote the following, which Rogers called "far from bad:"

## FRENCH TASTE.

"The French have taste in all they do,  
Which we are quite without;  
For Nature, that to them gave *gout*,  
To us gave only *gout*."

Sydney Smith's impromptu, on seeing Jeffrey riding on a donkey, is unequalled of its kind:

"Witty as Horatius Flaccus,  
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,  
Short, though not as fat, as Bacchus,  
Riding on a little jackass."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote this "Epitaph on an Infant," which has since been frequently honored with such immortality as grave-stones give:

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care;  
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,  
And bade it blossom there."



## SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON, BART., M. D., D. C. L.

THE likeness of Sir JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON which appears in this number was prepared expressly for the JOURNAL some time before the sad intelligence of his death had been announced by the Atlantic cable.

No medical man in Europe was so well known to the profession in this country by his writings, and no one has been visited by so many who have crossed the Atlantic for medical aid. His reputation brought sufferers to Edinburgh from all parts of Great Britain and the Continent, and for years past from America. It is perfectly safe to say that

no man in the present age, and probably none in the past, has done so much to relieve human suffering as he. The medical literature of the last thirty years will fully sustain this assertion. And few who have entered the profession recently are aware of how many diseases he was the first to suggest the true character of the affections, the signs and symptoms by which they would be recognized, and the resources which art and science could offer for their relief. The general voice of the public will also coincide with this view, when the fact is recalled that he was the first to demonstrate the safety and utility of anæsthesia in relieving the sufferings of childbirth, and that he was the discoverer of the anæsthetic power of chloroform. The introduction of anæsthesia in midwifery is one of the boldest innovations of a

happy genius that is found in the whole history of medical art; and, of course, it was opposed by many of the ablest practitioners of this department of medicine, and by the prejudices of the public. It was deemed unscriptural, unnatural, and unsafe, to relieve the terrible sufferings which seemed to be inherent to the process of childbirth. If the nitrous-oxide gas and the sulphuric ether were the only anæsthetic agents known, the relief from anæsthesia would have been limited to only a few exceptional cases in midwifery; but the discovery by Simpson of the anæsthetic power of chloroform, a few months after his first resort to anæsthesia in these cases, has now made this the agent by which many hundreds of thousands have been relieved from the most terrible agonies which the human system is ever called upon to endure. It is still an unsettled question with many whether chloroform is as safe an anæsthetic as other agents. In dental and in surgical operations, where the anæsthetic is used to anticipate and to prevent pain,

many believe chloroform to be less safe; but in midwifery, where the agent is used to relieve pain already developed, it is for many reasons by far the preferable agent, and there is not the slightest evidence that it is unsafe. It is now twenty-two years since it has been used in obstetric practice, and the number of women who have been relieved by its use must count some hundreds of thousands; yet, to this day, not a single authentic case of death from this agent has been reported, where it has been used in obstetric practice by a physician.

In Appletons' "New American Cyclopædia," the leading incidents in the life of Sir James Simpson were given down to the date of publication (1861). He was born in Bathgate, Linlithgowshire, in 1811. He was educated at the Edinburgh University, where, in 1832, he

received his degree of M. D. He commenced his professional career as assistant to Professor Thompson, during whose temporary illness, in 1836, he delivered a course of pathological lectures with great success. In 1840, he was elected professor of midwifery in the University of Edinburgh, a position which he filled up to the time of his death. He first applied the new discovery of anæsthesia to midwifery practice, January 19, 1847. On the 15th of November, 1847, he discovered the anæsthetic effects of chloroform, which speedily superseded in a great measure the use of sulphuric ether, and extended rapidly and greatly the practice of anæsthesia both in surgery and midwifery, as it is more agreeable to inhale, more manageable and powerful, less exciting than ether, and gives greater command and control over the su-



SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON.

perinduction of the anæsthetic state. In 1849, Professor Simpson was elected president of the Edinburgh Royal College of Physicians; in 1852, president of the Medico-Chirurgical Society; and, in 1853, foreign associate of the French Academy of Medicine. In 1856, the writer of this article had the pleasure of being the bearer to him from Paris of a gold medal, of the value of two thousand francs, being the Monthyon prize of the French Academy of Science, "in consideration of his services to humanity, by the introduction of anæsthesia into the practice of midwifery, and the discovery of the anæsthetic properties of chloroform." In 1866 he received from Trinity College, Dublin, the honorary degree of D. C. L., and the same year his distinguished services to humanity were recognized by the crown, and he was created a baronet. In October, 1869, the corporation of Edinburgh, through the lord-provost, presented to him the ticket of honorary burghership, conferring upon him the freedom of the city, in rec-

ognition of his "numerous and varied contributions to medical science and literature, and particularly for his distinguished discoveries and appliances for the alleviation of human suffering, which have served to maintain and extend the reputation of the city and its medical school, and entitle him to the respect and gratitude of his fellow-citizens." This honor had never before, except in one instance, been conferred upon a citizen of Edinburgh. The only recipients, within the memory of the writer, have been Lord Napier of Magdala, Mr. Disraeli, H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Hon. John Bright.

### LOTHAIR.\*

A NOVEL from the pen of a great statesman, a skilful politician, and the leader of a great party, must always possess some degree of interest; but when that statesman, politician, and leader, happens already to have made his mark as an author, mere interest becomes sensational. So it is with the book now before us—the production of the leader of the English Tory party, and, whatever his faults or shortcomings may be, undoubtedly one of the most powerful debaters in the British House of Parliament.

Our wonder and admiration are excited when we find public men, upon whose shoulders hangs such a weight of business responsibility, finding time to conceive, far less to produce, a work of this calibre. To such minds, however, leisure becomes a positive burden; and the reaction, which, otherwise, would be sure to set in after the excitement and turmoil of public business, is avoided by a recurrence to literary pursuits, which, though a mere pastime to such a man as Benjamin Disraeli, even at the advanced age of sixty-five years, would be real labor, and hard labor too, to many another man. The late Earl of Derby's "Homer," Mr. Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi," and last, not least, the Emperor Louis Napoleon's "Julius Cæsar," are further illustrations of this restless activity—this indomitable spirit of work, which seems, in the case of statesmen and public men, to animate and inspire, even in hours of relaxation, when the harness has been doffed for a breathing-spell.

In these halcyon days of "sensational fiction," most authors would consider it rather a rash adventure to submit any thing purely *legitimate* to the ordeal of public approval; accordingly, amid the mass of trashy literature through which we are compelled to pick our steps, day after day, disgusted and heart-sick, a really readable and enjoyable book enchants us almost as much as, we are told, an unlooked-for oasis does the wayworn and famished traveller in the wilderness.

The book now before us has been already ably reviewed by both English and American journals; consequently we must excuse ourselves from entering into any thing like a *résumé* of the plot: our remarks will, accordingly, be few and discursive.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Mr. Disraeli as a novelist, is, that nearly every one of his sketches is a veritable portrait from Nature. His *dramatis personæ* are not creations of his own fancy—not mere make-believes—not unnatural and non-existent paragons of perfection, or, *vice versa*, monsters of depravity such as the world never knew; but real flesh-and-blood men and women, such as we rub shoulders with daily, and whose very personality can be easily distinguished, so slight and superficial is the veil which the author uses. Any one, at all conversant with English society during the last six or seven years, can, without difficulty, recognize and designate in real life nearly every character in the novel now before us. The noble birth, secluded youth, long minority, enormous wealth, and papistical proclivities of the hero, Lothair, alone—without even the stronger and more perspicuous details presented further on in the gradual development of the story—leave no doubt whatever in the mind of the reader as to the personage whose singular career has suggested the plot. Round him, as the central figure, are grouped numerous other characters, for each and all of whom—from Cardinal Grandison down to the keeper of the republican rendezvous in Leicester Square—names could be assigned, as having played very similar parts in sober reality to those assigned them by the author in his mimic drama. Most novelists, who have attempted this peculiar style of writing, have failed most signally, and, it seems to us, from one of two causes: they

have either over-elaborated concealment of their models' identity, and so kept the portraits effectually screened from all but themselves; or, rushing into the opposite extreme, have exaggerated the faults, peculiarities, and shortcomings of their originals, producing consequently, not even good, life-like photographs, but pre-Raphaelite monstrosities of the hardest and most offensive description.

Another distinguishing feature of the author's character-painting is the exquisite finish and completeness of his portraits; and in none of his works, more than in "Lothair," is this trait so conspicuously displayed. Every touch of the brush, however slight or apparently superficial, produces an effect, and that, too, without any visible effort on the part of the painter. Assuming, too, for the nonce, the individuality of his subject, Mr. Disraeli's profound knowledge of men and manners, his fertile imagination and marvellous faculty of always saying the right thing in the right place, prevent the possibility of any of his actors saying or doing any thing inconsistent with the parts they are supposed to be playing. Nor are subordinate figures neglected and slurred over, because they are subordinate: for instance, here is a Scottish nobleman, with his keen sense of honor, and his rigid, Calvinistic, Presbyterian tenets—firm and stately as his own mountain-crags, yet not without the grim sense of humor so characteristic of his nation; we are told, first, that "Lord Culloden was a black Scotchman, tall and lean, with good features, a hard, red face, and iron gray hair," and, in his advice to his ward on the eve of his entering upon the enjoyment of his vast property, there is a string of rough-cut gems, well worthy of being quoted at length. Here it is:

"Your affairs have been well administered, though I say it who ought not. But it is not my management only, or principally, that has done it. It is the progress of the country, and you owe the country a good deal, and you should never forget you are born to be a protector of its liberties, civil and religious. And if the country sticks to free trade, and would enlarge its currency, and be firm to the Protestant faith, it will, under Divine Providence, continue to progress. And here, my boy, I'll just say a word, in no disagreeable manner about your religious principles. If popery were only just the sign of the cross, and music, and censor-pots, though I think them all superstitious, I'd be free to leave them alone if they would leave me. But popery is a much deeper thing than that, Lothair, and our fathers found it out. They could not stand it, and we should be a craven crew to stand it now. A man should be master in his own house. You will be taking a wife some day—at least it is to be hoped so—and how will you like one of these monsignores to be walking into her bedroom, eh; and talking to her alone when he pleases and where he pleases? and when you want to consult your wife, which a wise man should often do, to find there is another mind between hers and yours? . . . And as for you, my boy, they will be telling you that it is just this and just that, and there's no great difference, and what not; but I tell you that, if once you embrace the scarlet lady, you are a tainted corpse. You'll not be able to order your dinner without a priest, and they will ride your best horses without saying 'with your leave or by your leave.'"

One rarely meets with any extravagance or exaggeration in Mr. Disraeli's writings. For instance, there is no straining after effect in the development of his plots; his figures are always beautiful, always appropriate; in his delineations of scenery he is graphic, without being diffuse; while his dialogue, though sometimes elaborate, scholarly, and high-toned, is never pedantic or unnatural. His descriptive powers are far above the average; his conceptions of beauty in woman, exquisitely chaste and classically lovely; and his love-scenes—an essential element in novels of every class—being free from maudlin sentimental affectation, are distinguished for their simplicity and plain common-sense, amounting sometimes even to coolness. He never makes a sentence or writes a paragraph on purpose to introduce an epigram or a *bon mot*; and, although every other page contains at least one of these, its presence, just where you find it, appears accidental, easy, unconstrained, and perfectly natural. In short, his flowers are not cut and exposed in vases, nor are his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil in all the bloom and freshness of Nature.

Some critics have complained of there being a slight *souppçon* of immorality pervading the book, referring, we presume, to the spell exercised over the hero by the beautiful and heroic Theodora—a remarkable yet beneficial influence, which scarcely even ended with her death. We can hardly believe that the reviewers who brought such a charge could ever have thoroughly read, or, at all events, understood, the book. That the majestic beauty of this woman made a deep and lasting impression on the young, susceptible, and imaginative Lothair,

\* By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M. P. 8vo, pp. 218. D. Appleton & Co.

there is no denying; but, beyond one boyish attempt to gratify what he supposed to be a whim of the object of his admiration, in presenting her with valuable jewels as an anonymous gift, there is not a single recorded act on his part which lays him open to even a guilty suspicion.

Theodora's was a noble soul; she knew the young nobleman's danger better than he himself did, and used the influence she possessed over him to preserve him from the effects of his own impulsiveness, and the unscrupulous machinations of interested and dangerous persons. As well may the captious spirit cavil at the relations existing between the good, honest, noble-hearted Dobbin and Amelia Osborne, in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." The situation in both cases was much the same—only in the latter *man* had the master-mind; in the one under consideration it is in the *woman*.

True it is that, in these days of spiritualistic free-lovers and loose morality, such a thing as Platonic affection is, no doubt, regarded by many as a mythical passion; but every-day life tells us that it is not only a reality, but is far more widely diffused, and even nobler and more admirable, than people are inclined to imagine.

The entire gist of the story is, evidently, to show the indefatigable proselytizing zeal of the Romish Church; and, if only one-half the arts and persuasive sophistry, so graphically depicted by the novelist, are really put in force by the partisans of the papistical creed, it does not seem at all wonderful that their faith is, as alleged, gaining ground. The recent disendowment and disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland, so bitterly opposed by Mr. Disraeli in his place in the House of Commons, as leader of the conservative or constitutional party, has, no doubt, suggested the theme; and, though his own well-known political tenets find in the novel no place, and are scarcely represented fully by any one of its characters, it is easy to see, through the moral intended to be drawn, that these views still remain unaltered and unalterable.

The book, of course, treats of a class, that class being the *crème de la crème* of English society; and this very fact has, by some, been made a pretext for fault-finding. Why, however, a clever and entertaining book cannot be written with St. James's instead of St. Giles's for its theme, we are at a loss to imagine. Besides, the interests of the *ignoble vulgus* have surely been pretty well attended to of late—why, then, grudge the "bloated aristocracy" an innings?

It would take another volume to fully discuss the one we are thus cursorily reviewing; a mere passing opinion of its merits, therefore, is all that we can afford time or space to give. That opinion is soon formed, and may be expressed in a very few words: As a novel, "Lothair" must ever rank with the highest standard works of its class, and certainly loses nothing by comparison with its author's earlier and fresher efforts. It has, moreover, a charm about it that cannot fail to enchant even the most superficial reader, while it must as certainly afford matter for serious and profound consideration and inquiry to the maturer and more analytical student. It is, accordingly, with perfect confidence that we recommend its perusal to the public, as one of the most readable, enjoyable, instructive, and scholarly works of English fiction.

## THE CENTRAL PARK.

THE time is swiftly passing away in which visitors who are looking for the beauties and curiosities of the metropolis will wonder why the term "central" is applied to a park which is nearly in the centre of the island of Manhattan, but which was for a time on the outskirts of the city.

The time has gone when, from the site of the Harper Buildings on Franklin Square, the eye looked past the old mansion where Washington dined, and saw only cultivated gardens to the river, and when a walk above Canal Street was into the country.

The time is going when he who enters a street-car, attracted by the "Park" title on its sides, will pass in mute wonderment through regions of rough rock painted with advertisements, miserable hovels in a forest of red flannel, and dirty children pursued by women in all stages of dress and temper. Even the Park itself has been somewhat of a disappointment, according to the preconceived ideas of the visitors. There are those who look for great, sculptured gateways, and a scene of fountains and statues, and to whom the passage through the openings in the low wall will seem but a going out into the coun-

try. The remark of Horace Greeley on his first visit—"They have let it alone more than I thought they would"—comes to these in a different sense; and it is only by remembering the wildernesses of rocks and shalties, stagnant pools, and bare, rubbish-strewn soil, on Fifth, Seventh, and Eighth Avenues, in these high latitudes, three years ago, that one can realize the wonders that have been worked in making this *seemingly* Nature what it is. That these brown rocks are set in luxuriant grass; that vines clamber up the rough faces; that thickets and trees abound; that springs gush out from hill-sides, and calm lakes reflect the blue heavens or white clouds; that Nature has been tamed and civilized, and her ruggedness and her softness woven into a garment for the earth—this can only be appreciated by remembering how the seven thousand five hundred building-lots did look on the fifth day of February, 1856, or by seeing how the adjacent similar lots look now. Even before the pick and the spade could attack the granite, or fill hollows, or make lakes of swamps, there was no small difficulty in awarding payment to all these claimants. The cost of the lots, paid for at prospective value, and the expenses of the commissioners, amounted to five million one hundred and sixty-nine thousand three hundred and sixty-nine dollars and ninety cents, of which sum one million six hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and ninety dollars were paid in taxes by the owners of adjacent lands, whose property was enhanced in value by the beneficent work. The supply of the city with pure water was the noblest labor; the gift of its great lungs, or breathing-place, the next.

Another difficulty was in the plan. To the majority of those proposing to lay out the ground, there seemed two necessary evils. First, as the expected stream of carriages and equestrians would incommode the pedestrian pleasure-seekers by dust and the fear of wheels and hoofs, and as it seemed desirable to make the drives and rides as long as possible, a great circuit or belt road was contemplated, which would have no advantage over a drive up Eighth Avenue, across One Hundred and Tenth Street, and down Fifth Avenue, save in the superiority of a rolled-gravel road over a paved one. Either would show the outskirts of the Park, and also the skirting streets. Another difficulty was, that the Park, beginning at Fifty-ninth Street, cut in two fifty-one streets, and made an east city and a west city, unless the severed streets could be somehow rejoined. This was to be by common roadways, intersecting the pleasant drives and walks with their cobblestones, and traversing the streams of pleasure-seekers with the streams of trade-laden carts and wagons, from East River to the Hudson. In the plan accepted, the first difficulty was obviated by a serpentine, which seeks the interior of the Park at its most beautiful points, which only verges on the avenues when crowded out by the great reservoir and the lake, and which is bordered by foot-walks, and duplicated in other directions by the horseback-rides. The pleasant retired walks are thrown on their own ground, and leap the carriage-way by beautiful bridges—so that a child may toddle alone for miles, and meet no peril. By this arrangement, it is easy for horses to gallop, but difficult for carriages to race. Thus pleasure joins hands with safety. The second trouble was met by making the essential traverse roads cut through the highest ground, so that the wide bridges or tunnel-arches span the avenues of trade, and Pleasure on her cushions can roll above the laden cart or omnibus, and neither see nor know that a city's arteries pulse just below.

The area of the Park is seven hundred and sixty-eight acres, of which one hundred and thirty-six acres are in those stone-girdled lakes—the reservoirs. It is true that the great one—of one hundred and six acres—bears little comparison to that noble sheet of water—the New-York Bay—but, as official neglect has spoiled the fair Battery, which was once the city outlook, and as thousands of the city poor see the Park, who never sailed down the Bay on an excursion, or into its ocean-gates from a sea-voyage, we will not depreciate this lesser mirror for clouds and stars.

How it is appreciated by the citizens and visitors, the following table will best show:

	Pedestrians.	Equestrians.	Vehicles.
In 1862, there visited the Park....	1,996,918	71,645	709,010
In 1864, " " " ".....	2,295,199	100,397	1,148,161
In 1866, " " " ".....	3,412,692	86,757	1,519,808
In 1867, " " " ".....	2,998,770	84,994	1,381,697

The figures for later years are equally interesting. It is a favorite resort at all seasons of the year, and he who visits at each is confident that he has seen it in its most beautiful time. In summer, there is



the leafy quiet and almost breathless stillness of the summer-woods, seldom sultry, however, as the elevation catches the coolest breathings of the adjacent sea. There is the drowsy hum of the bee, and the ceaseless *whirr-r-r* of the humming-bird's wings, as it poises in air before a flower its little body of green and gold. There is the sweet monotony of the splash of fountains or ripple of little cascades, lulling the senses into half-forgetfulness, till one dreams that the noisy city has ceased to exist, and that the enchanted gardens of some new Alhambra environ him forever. There is the deep green of the grass, the darker emerald of the leaves, the density of vines and thickets, the faint perfume of summer-flowers; and in the holy hush of imitated Nature the rabbit lifts its great ears and eyes without fear, the splendid peacock suns its great eye-embroidered fan, the dun deer strays from covert to covert with its mate, and the stately swans sit motionless on the water, like birds of snow in realms of blue, and await the pleasure of the goddess of the lake.

In autumn, when the spirit of the breeze has invaded the sylvan solitudes, and the geni of the season have fired each thicket with gold and crimson, and strewn the grass with the purpling spoils of all the trees; when the vases overflow with floral treasures, and the song-birds wake up to pipe a farewell to the vanishing flowers; when the enchanted summer-sleep is broken by the first breath of the spirit of the north, and the quick-moving children come to look brighter than the birds, and sweeter than the passing flowers—the great Park is a thing of beauty still.

When Winter comes to spread her broad white mantle over the grave of the dead grass, and shelter with her cold beauty the delicate roots of the flowers; when the delicate birds and animals are also sheltered, and the lakes harden their bosoms into ice; when beautiful girls and strong men buckle on the steel wings to their feet, and the swiftly-darting forms look like the broken fragments of some rainbow of humanity; when the short winter-day has furled itself in the blue blankets of the night, and the great moon looks down to flood the white landscape with pale glory, and tip every barren branch with silver; or when the modest light of stars hesitates in rivalry with brighter eyes, and calcium suns arise from chemic art and recreate the day—then, too, the Park is beautiful, and gazers enjoy the winter-fire of frosted noses and the bracing rapture of being "cold all through." It is even said that this season has a sort of fireworks, in that a skater in broad day, who lets his head meet the ice with some suddenness, enjoys a brief glimpse of more stars than heaven has.

But one who has seen the city lungs, in all its phases, most loves it in the season

"When the Queen of the Spring, on her way down the vale,  
Leaves her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale,"

which is Thomson's idea suited to circumstances. Then it is that the most charming point of view is from the rock in the Ramble, facing the Terrace, the fountain, and the Mall, and overlooking the lake with its boats and its banners. This is the objective point of our cartoon in this number.

We leave the frequented drive, or thronged foot-path, by walking over the gentle arch of the iron bridge, and turn to the right. The rustic pavilions on the water's edge do not attract us, and we enter a narrow way between walls of rocks, where vines mantle the granite, or whatever the gray hardness may be, where the crests are fringed with thickets in the pale-green livery of May, and the feet of the rocks are caressed by the delicate myrtle, with its deep leaves, and its pale-blue flowers. Before us is the arch of the (artificial) natural bridge, which is prettier than the Virginia wonder, and not so big. We spare a moment, as we pass beyond it, to turn to the cave at the right, and plunge beneath the great rock vestibule into the darkness beyond. The fear of bumping the head in the darkness, is so far a delusion as to be pleasant; the moist sand has no pitfalls for hesitating feet, and if the cautious arms, extended before, embrace the bosom of some other timid stranger, the incident is very pleasant, should the stranger have a sweet face and flowing muslins—the opposite, if touch reveals the starched shirt-bosom of a burly banker. Emerging on the quiet nook that holds an arm of the lake, it is as well to climb the steep rock stairs before us, and to cross the natural bridge, or, by some other thread of the Ramble labyrinth, reach the rock of our destination. Should some fair Andromeda be already there, she will not be tied to it, and will not stay long. There is nothing to do but to take the rocky seat that some rabbit or bird has kindly vacated, and then look before us. At the feet is the calm lake, which sometimes has

mimic waves and a beach, but here is met by grasses and trees, bathing their feet in its crystal coolness. The black gondola of Venice is now anchored out of our view, but the water is gay with pretty boats, quietly at rest, or freighted with men and women in the tints of the spring, and with children full of the contagion of happiness. Those boats with the blue flags are for select parties, while the red streamers invite all to come who will, and the lusty rower in sailor-dress makes the two-mile voyage of the lake, and awakes the echoes of the iron bridge, for the trifle of ten cents from each.

On each side of the landing-steps are the tall, colored and gilded masts, from which float the red banners, emblazoned with the arms of the city and the State.

To the left, the Casino crowns one hill, and the Park soda and mineral springs another on the left.

The national stars and stripes is certain to float somewhere.

Beyond the gay crowd at the landing is the great basin of the fountain, where fat gold-fish nibble for cake, and silver-fish glance through the depths, while purple mullet reveal the gold setting of these amethysts of the water. The bench which skirts this basin is of marble, and has always a necklace of plumply-filled white stockings and frilled pantalettes of the eager admirers of the fish-coquettes. Beyond this is the airy hall leading beneath the drive of the Terrace, and set with tables for ices and pastry.

On either side are the giant stairways, leading up to the Mall and its surroundings, and where the buttresses are carried into such flowers and birds as the hard stone never expected to produce. Beyond this, we see the ice-drinking fountains, thronged by thirsty people; the bird-cages, and the little spray fountains. Then the great avenue, thirty-five feet wide between its tall elms, fading away into the distance, but broken into by the group of curious children watching the camel from the park collection, as it feeds in care of its Arab-dressed keeper, or the crowd of listeners near the Music-stand.

The vinery, laden with purple blooms, crowns the crest on the left.

In fancy, we see behind the Casino, the stone group of Burns's "Auld Lang Syne," which, with its two kind-faced drinkers and its carpet-bag and dog, is the gem of the park—we look for, but do not see, the flag above the old Arsenal, now full of living curiosities—where the American buffalo, and its kindred from the African Cape, flank the fat Kerry bull, where the great eagles bathe and play, and the bears and leopards wrestle with the iron cages. We know that in all those green hollows, suggested but not seen, there are bridges of marble, with seats and fountains beneath the cool arches, and that all the paths have the pattering of little feet hastening to the swings. One need not look so far to see the slopes of hills above the water—here smooth in green declivities, there purple with great flowers, or white with the blossoms of the spirea, or pea-green with the snow-balls just swelling their globes into white. There are thickets of lilac that perfume the breeze; there are beds of tulips, splendid in crimson yellow, veined with green; and there are delicate stems that give promise of summer's richer flowers.

Summer comes on while we look, and the roses and dahlias bloom, while the honeysuckle overloads the warm air with sweetness. As we write, the blessed dandelions that embroidered the green with yellow stars, and the air with delicate down, have all gone. The school-boy forgets that he here found the earliest anemones, hepaticas, blood-roots, adder's-tongues, and columbines, and tried to find the fringed gentian. But pleasant as the summer is, it is a lazy season, and we half regret the time when we sat on the rock "when the world was strung with bird-songs, and the woods hung full of May."

## TABLE-TALK.

THE "ancestral castles and halls, and armories, and gorgeous saloons," introduced so freely in Disraeli's "Lothair," are looked upon by some critics with distrust. "They are so very big and overpoweringly sumptuous," says one writer, "that we are led half unconsciously to reckon them as exceptions rather than as types," and to attribute them "to the author's glowing imagination and Eastern love of pomp and glitter." The castles, and palaces, and estates, that so abound in "Lothair," are certainly very grand, but the number of large estates in Great Britain is probably much greater than the average reader suspects. Everybody has heard of Chatsworth, Blenheim,

and a few other famous show-places, but of numerous others almost as extensive little is known. Mr. Sargent's "Skeleton Tours," just printed, chance to give, in compact and convenient form, a reference to nearly all the great houses in the kingdom; and as it would, no doubt, entertain the reader to compare some of these descriptions with Lothair's castles and halls, we will collate a few of them. Thoresby, for instance, the seat of Earl Manvers, situated near Leeds, has a forest of fifteen thousand acres, being the oldest portion of Sherwood Forest, having huge oaks a thousand years old, from thirty to forty feet in circumference, and a thick undergrowth of fern. "Nothing in England is perhaps grander or wilder." Welbeck Park, seat of the Duke of Portland, situated near Thoresby, has over two thousand acres, containing numerous immense oaks, some twelve hundred years old. Alton Towers, near Congleton, belonging to the Earl of Shrewsbury, is "the most ornate and Italian-looking place in England, a succession of beautiful terraces, with vases, statues, fountains, and flowers; superb trees, both in rarity and growth; the cedar of Lebanon, on the slopes down to the lake, especially fine." Near Stoke is Trentham, the Duke of Sutherland's, "by many esteemed the finest place in England. It has a beautiful park, with majestic trees and fine hanging woods; the most exquisite pleasure-grounds, with grand masses of rhododendrons, azalias, mahonias, gaultherias, etc., with large open glades of grass, down to a beautiful lake, one mile long; a succession of majestic terrace-gardens, with Italian balustrades to the water's edge." At Ingestrie, Earl of Shrewsbury's, the house is about the period of the Tudors, with a quantity of windows in bays and bows; "the park is very fine, being in large and umbrageous masses; has a superb beech-avenue, two hundred years old, and a mile long." Stowe, the seat of the Duke of Buckingham, which, however, has often been described, is approached through a grand arch and an avenue of beeches, four miles long; "the house very superb, nine hundred and sixty-nine feet front, and the park very majestic." Chatsworth and Blenheim need not be mentioned here, belonging, as they are supposed to do, to that exceptional class which Disraeli is imagined to have copied in his "Lothair" descriptions. Woburn Abbey, the Duke of Bedford's, situated near Stowe, has a park of three thousand eight hundred acres. The abbey has a splendid library of fourteen thousand volumes, and a picture-gallery, one hundred and thirty feet in length, containing numerous Vandycks. There is a horse-chestnut near the house, three hundred feet in circumference—but this must mean the branches. Wrest Park, near Woburn Abbey, "has a fine house in the style of the palace of the Tuileries, with grandeur truly royal, like Versailles, with grand water-squares, surrounded by immense yew-hedges and extended vistas of elm, lime, and beech, with statues and temples at the end of the views." The references to grand houses and superb parks in this little volume occur on every page, and quite "overpower one with their sumptuousness." Here we find in one page Stewart Castle, celebrated for the perfection of its stables; Enville Hall, with the finest ornamental grounds in the world, and a conservatory that cost eighteen thousand pounds; Whitby Court, "very stately, Lord Dudley having spent within a few years four hundred thousand pounds upon it." The estate extends twelve miles each side of the court. At Knolle, the ancient seat of the Dukes of Dorset, we are told of fire-dogs of solid silver; of a bed-cover of cloth of gold in scarlet tissue, costing eight thousand pounds; of tapestry that cost twenty thousand pounds; and that the park "is truly magnificent, eight miles in circumference, with majestic trees." Boughton Park, Duke of Buccleugh's, has an immense old house, the grounds having avenues extending seventy-six miles. Knowesly, Earl of Derby's, has a park twelve miles in circumference, with twenty-five lodges and gates; the stable, uncommonly fine, having sixty horses and thirty-five grooms. Longleat, the splendid seat of the Marquis of Bath, has a park thirty miles in circumference. The estate includes thirteen or fourteen villages. Houghton House, Lord Cholmondeley's, has the most superb interior in England—"the grand hall, a cube of forty feet, unsurpassed, the entire sides and ceiling being of elaborately-carved stone, the figures the size of life. The grand banqueting-room, drawing-room, state bedrooms, etc., wonderfully beautiful—especially the ceilings, exquisitely carved, enriched, and gilt." In Scotland is Blair Castle, the walks and drives of the estate said to extend fifty miles. The larch-plantations cover eleven thousand acres, and the number of trees planted is twenty-seven millions. Glen Tilt, belonging to the duke, alone contains one hundred thousand acres and ten thousand head of red-deer, five thousand acres being preserved for

grouse, twenty thousand for deer, and thirty-thousand for deer-stalking. Taymouth Castle, belonging to the Marquis of Breadalbane, has a front of eight hundred feet, and is situated in a park consisting of a valley between two ranges of mountains, four miles long by three broad, with superb groups and masses of trees, the estate being one hundred and twenty miles long by three to fifteen broad. We might go on collating from the little volume before us a good many more descriptions of grand houses; but the instances we have given sufficiently vindicate Disraeli's descriptions, and serve our purpose. We are tempted, however, to refer to one more, and this is Elvaston Castle, the Earl of Harrington's, situated near Derby, considered the most wonderful place in the world for its topiary work and its collection of evergreens. It has entire cottages cut out of yew—yew arbors twenty feet high, having a base thirty feet square, with a succession of steps, the top surmounted by two peacocks six feet long, the heads and figures closely cut, while the tails, in golden yew, are allowed to remain unclipped and feathery. One very extraordinary house in yew, with several gables, is surmounted by two birds—one in a nest, and one attempting to fly out. The ornamental water in this park is also most charmingly managed—but enough.

— "Nothing is so false as figures, excepting facts," was the saying of a wise observer. Certainly nothing may be more justly distrusted than comparative statistics, if one is not in possession of all the circumstances that modify or qualify the results. Of how unsafe it is to draw conclusions from figures without this special knowledge, however correct they may seem, we have the evidence in a recent article in the *New York World* on "Authors and Publishers." The writer, in commenting upon the sales of works of fiction in the United States as compared with England, remarks:

"The American novel, in fact, has as yet developed very little vital originality, notwithstanding the fact that this country is a sort of Elysium of novel-readers—statistics demonstrating that the consumption of books of fiction in this country is six times greater than that of England. A sale of three or four thousand in England is regarded as a success; in this country as a failure. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' for instance, a distinctively American novel, footed up three hundred and ten thousand copies the first year of its publication; and the 'Lamp-lighter,' vastly inferior and more formal, went as high as seventy-five thousand; some half a dozen novels, issued by New York houses during the past three years have run up to twenty thousand without attracting any uncommon attention; and a single American novelist, not one of whose half a dozen novels was ever reviewed beyond the extent of a couple of paragraphs, boasts an aggregate sale of one hundred and forty thousand copies. The standard circulation of the stock novel, American or reprint from English, averages, however, not more than six thousand, and runs very evenly, seldom falling under four thousand, which would be regarded as a great success by any London house."

Now, while statistics demonstrate these facts as regards the sales of books in this country, they utterly mislead the writer when they induce him to say that "the consumption of books of fiction in this country is six times greater than that of England." Five hundred copies of a novel are often printed in England, when five thousand of the same book will be distributed here. But the English five hundred are printed in three volumes, are sold almost exclusively to circulating libraries, at a price nearly equivalent to eight dollars of our money (gold) per copy, while the American five thousand appear in cheap form, paper covers, and are probably sold for not over sixty cents. The English edition distributed solely through circulating libraries has a great many readers for each copy; and before one can judge of the comparative consumption of the two editions he must get statistics from Mudie's, or other London circulating libraries, and ascertain the average subscribers to each copy of a novel. There are, moreover, a great many more novels published in England than here, so that even if the average should prove lower, the aggregate sale, or rather consumption, would probably exhibit a higher figure; and of course any fair estimate of the comparative taste for novel-reading between the two countries should include statistics of those magazines that include fiction among their attractions.

— "Daisy among the Lilies" is what our artist entitles the picture on the first page of this number of the *JOURNAL*; but "The New Europa" would be as appropriate, and awaken many pleasant associations. But, whatever the title, one is quite ready to enjoy the mad frolic of the little tomboy on the back of the pet "Alderney," and to join with the two lads on the other side of the brook in hearty

cheers at the dash and daring of the spirited rider. "Daisy" seems to like the sport quite as well as the others. She has been drinking at the water's edge, and, tossing her horns among the lily-pads, has gracefully caught up one of the white blossoms, which we see hanging like a star upon her brow. There is almost infinite relish in all the suggestions of this picture; in the fine "Alderney" which the children of the family have made a pet, no doubt often adorning it with wreaths, bestowing warm caresses upon it, and making it a companion of many a holiday-hour; in the spirited little girl, whose days are sweetly spent in these health-giving sports, and who evidently has keener relish for the farm-yard, the brook-side, the meadow, and the forest, than for dolls, ribbons, and study-books; and in the pleasant landscape, that to tired city-senses speaks of sweet, wooded banks, odorous flowers, and the breath of gentle winds.

— One of the ablest men in this country, President Anderson of Rochester University, in a recent address gave a significant hint to our men of wealth which it is to be hoped they will attend to and act upon. He remarked that the only permanent record they can make of their ability and success in accumulation is to devote their wealth to benevolent and especially to educational ends: "An institution of learning, when it has once taken root, is the most permanent thing on earth, except the Christian Church. The great seats of learning beyond the Atlantic antedate every great state in Europe. Since Bologna, and Oxford, and the University of Paris, were founded, how many wars, conquests, revolutions, and dynastic changes, have passed over European society! Like the unchanging ocean, amid the upheavals and subsidences of the earth's crust, these institutions remain as landmarks of benevolent action amid the surging waves of political, and social, and religious progress and reaction."

### Art, Music, and the Drama.

AN art-critic writes of the present state of pictorial art in France that it is corrupted nearly to the core. "Of brush-power," says this writer, "that gift so prized by painters—and of which the French possessed by far the largest, if not the noblest, inheritance—there is abundance here, but it is mere *technique*, and what one might style brush-tricks—achievements with the palette and pigments—triumphs of imitation and the like in superabundance; nowhere else is there anything like the same splendid and attractive display. In England not half a dozen men know what brush-power means, any more than they could tell us, much less themselves produce, what is called *chiaro-scuro*. Italy itself is hardly worse off than we are in these respects. Next to France, Belgium is most richly endowed with it; and then, very respectably, Spain. But, furnished as the painters here are with this same brush-power, they unfortunately seem to be losing nearly all the other and graver powers of design. Even drawing—once the glory of the greatest of modern schools—is evidently failing; it took nearly a century to endow the French school with its noble power of drawing; yet, notwithstanding the unsurpassable opportunities for its display in the female figure—and although it is clear that the fascinations of color have been sternly resisted by the producers of these things—it is still more clear that few of them are even fairly well drawn. Of course, there are exceptions, which we shall notice with pleasure. Dashing, descending to splashing, execution—neglect of harmonious as well as melodious art, both in form and color—coarse painting—too apparent in feeble half-tones and pallid half-tints—crude, and, what is worse, gaudy coloring—loose composition, and an obvious love for startling rather than fine expression—mark, let us trust, a temporary state of French art. Bad as these signs are, there are worse behind, in the evident desire of so many well-educated painters to do their work with the least possible expenditure of labor and study. A friend truly remarked on this, that it seems as if the withdrawal of the severe influences of Ingres, Delaroche, and one or two others, as well as of the splendid dramatizing and pictorial powers of Delacroix, and those who have departed within this decade, and who offered examples of inestimable value, had set the weaker painters free to do each what is right in his own eyes, and most convenient to himself."

A new symphony, in C minor, by Mr. F. H. Cowen, the youthful English composer, which may be considered his *coup d'essai*, had a second hearing at the last Crystal Palace Concert, and was fairly recognized as a work of great merit. It opens with a short Largo, constructed on a phrase given out by bass strings in unison. Thus early indications present themselves (among others a free use of scale-passages for strings) of Mr. Cowen's sympathy with Beethoven. This movement is notable for its grace and beauty, and for the charming method of its scoring, and in the second part suggests Beethoven by the bold and assured handling

of the orchestra, by the free march of the basses, and by comparatively small devices like an occasional pause. The themes of the Scherzo (in G major) are piquant, without any leaning toward eccentricity, tuneful, and pleasing. The Allegretto (in G major), in character and scoring reminding one of Schubert, is nevertheless thoroughly original, and in all respects is highly imaginative and beautiful. The opening of the *finale* shows Mr. Cowen in a humorous mood. He makes the first-violins give out a theme to which the seconds answer with another, followed in tune by the violas. This little bit of counterpoint prepares the listener for a fugue only to deceive him. As though repenting of his first purpose, but not disposed to waste what he has written, the composer hurries on to a Tutti, for which the abortive fugue supplies materials. With these themes and their episodes, Mr. Cowen has constructed a movement which ends his symphony in a manner worthy of what has gone before. He is now at work upon a *cantata* for voices and orchestra, entitled "The Rose Maiden."

Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the well-known English composer, has been giving a series of twelve lectures on the theory and practice of vocal music. The object of these lectures was to give some idea, in a concise and comprehensible manner, of the requirements for the study of vocal music, with special reference to choral-singing. In the first of the course, after an explanation of the different "intervals" in music, Mr. Sullivan remarked that harmony, like many useful and beautiful things, sprang from the monks, whose creation it was, and not a revival of something forgotten or lost. The old Greek music died out; there was no heart in it; but for a time its clumsy nomenclature was retained. Afterward came the cold, unimpassioned, solemn Gregorian chants. There was not much heart in these either, but they strangely moved one by the very absence of passion. They were in keeping with the long, still aisles in which they were sung, and with the austere lives of the men who sang them. The solemn church song, or hymn, which was first sung in one voice only, or in octaves, was indeed the basis of modern music. It was sung without rhythm or time (in *canto fermo*). The monks soon found that certain different sounds sung at the same time had a new and pleasant effect, and they set to work, on scientific principles, to develop the science of "counterpoint," the grammar of part-writing.

A "Reading Magdalen" at Heidelberg, attributed to Correggio, and said to have been brought from Italy by Duke Carl Eugen von Wurtemberg, is described as follows: "The Magdalen is in a wood, lying on the mossy ground, supporting her head on the right arm, and holding with the left an open book, bending over it as though absorbed. The dark-blue drapery falling back from the head, is arranged to leave the arms, breast, and feet, uncovered. An expression of life in quiet repose is over the whole; owing to this, and the grandeur of the contours, the effect of a full-sized figure is produced, and the smallness of the work forgotten. The *chiaro-scuro* is masterly, transparent, and delicate. The tints of the flesh are harmonious, and the tone throughout is clear and pure. The hair is abundant and fair, and the color of the drapery so toned that the texture appears in all its reality." The size is fifteen by nine and three-quarters inches, and the canvas is in excellent preservation. It is supposed to be one of the first painted by Correggio before the more elaborate ones of the same subject.

The Fifth-Avenue Theatre has revived Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man," after a sleep of over fifty years. "The Good-natured Man" was not a success in Goldsmith's time, having been just saved from failure by the capital acting, in the part of Mr. Croaker, by a comedian named Shuter, who, by his humorous extravagance in the scene where Croaker is overwhelmed by ludicrous terror at the suspicion of a plot to blow his house up, set the theatre in a roar of delight. The same scene, capably done by Mr. Davidge, saves the comedy from weariness at the Fifth Avenue. Mr. Davidge has all the unction and breadth of the old actors. The other actors in the revival do well; but they are evidently better adapted to our later comedy than to the old. A new epilogue, written for the occasion by Mr. William Winter, went off, the first night, very happily, and did much to send the auditors away in a good-humor.

The *Moniteur des Arts*, of Paris, gives some curious information on the subject of picture-copying in Italy. In the Uffizi Palace at Florence there are one hundred artists at work daily. A picture perpetually being copied is a triptych by Fra Angelico, with a border of heavenly musicians. It takes eight days to copy one of these angels well, and the copy sells at from sixty to eighty francs. Before this picture four copyists are ever at work. In the gallery of the Pitti Palace there are not so many copyists. Nevertheless, they manage to finish three hundred reproductions annually. The favorite subject here is the "Vierge de la Chaise" of Raphael. It takes two months to turn out a single copy of this work. These copyists are chiefly Italians. There are a few Frenchmen and Germans, but very seldom is an Englishman found here.



A new overture, "Michel Angelo," by Niels Gade, recently played for the first time in London, is thus noticed: "Every phrase is original and striking, and the orchestration is of a very remarkable character. A peculiar and somewhat uncouth effect is obtained in one place by the reed-instruments playing a melody in their upper-register supported by the strings in sustained chords in their lower tones. A clever use of unusual modulations produces brilliant changes, and shows the hand of a master cunning in his craft. Altogether the material of the overture is of sufficient excellence to make us feel a desire of becoming better acquainted with other works of the Danish composer."

Maclise, the famous painter, recently deceased, was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery, where so many artists and poets are interred, near his old friend Mulready. "The regrets of the Royal Academicians," says the *Athenaeum*, "for the loss of their brother-member are universal, deep, and heartily expressed. The painter had been ailing for some time past, and was really ill during a few days before his decease; no one, however, feared the lamentable termination."

"Frou-Frou," which was so great a sensation in Paris, and has been so successful in New York, proved a failure in London. It was very well put on the stage at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and acted with tolerable skill, but the heroine requires an actress of the best talent to do the part full justice. The cause of its failure in London is not stated, but its success elsewhere leads partly to the supposition that the acting must have been at fault.

Le *Minestrel* says that Herr Wagner has been named Director-General of Music at Berlin. On the morning of the day when the second performance of his "Meistersänger" took place in that city, thirty francs were asked for places which in the evening went begging for twelve sous. So much for the music of the future! "Walkyrie," by the same composer, is to be brought out at Munich at an early date, however.

A new Universal Musical Lexicon is being published in Berlin. It is to include explanations of all terms used in music, of the principles of acoustics, harmony, orchestration, etc., as well as biographies of musicians, notices of compositions, and an historical review of the development and progress of music in all its branches.

A new opera, by Petrella, "Giovanna di Napoli," has been well received in Turin, Naples, and Florence. The *Rivista Nazionale Italiana* is warm in its praise: "The work shows evidence of careful painstaking, and the *maestro*, usually too dependent upon inspiration, without devoting sufficient attention to form and completeness, has in this partition achieved a notable success."

Mr. Robertson's new comedy, "M. P.," which has been so successful in London, is not yet announced for production in this city. We suppose we must wait for it until next season. The English journals pretty nearly all unite in commending this play on account of its fine characterization, its charming story, and its felicitous dialogue.

At a concert given in the Grand Theatre, St. Petersburg, the orchestra was made up as follows: six hundred trumpets, fifty drummers, and a chorus of four hundred and seventy voices. The effect must have been comparable to that produced at the opening of Solomon's Temple.

The largest organ in the world will be the one now building for the Hall of Arts and Sciences at South Kensington, near London. It will have one hundred and eleven sounding-stops, independent of fourteen couplers.

The death of Mr. Edward Goodall, the engraver of many of the finest plates of modern English productions, is announced. Mr. Goodall, the father of Mr. F. Goodall, R. A., was in his seventy-sixth year.

The new Grand Opéra at Paris requires another five hundred thousand francs for its completion, and the Commission du Budget has decided to allow the sum.

The run of "La Princesse de Trébizonde" at the Bouffes-Parisiens has been interrupted, after one hundred and thirty-five representations, which brought to the treasury four hundred thousand francs.

The rage for operetta and *opéra bouffe* continues, it is said, to increase in Paris. Among the new productions of this character is a pretty Watteau-like trifle, "La Clochette," for two female singers.

Signor Vera has been producing a new opera of his composition ("Valeria") at the Theatre Vittorio Emanuele, Turin. His sister, Mme. Vera Lorini, was the prima donna.

A grand composition, entitled "Beethoven," by Abbé Listz, is announced for performance at the approaching Beethoven *fêtes* in Weimar.

A young Leipzig composer, Franz von Holstein, has achieved a decided success with his first opera, "Haideschacht."

Mme. Adelina Patti's first appearance before a London audience this season was as Rosina in "Il Barbiere."

Mozart's "L'Oca del Cairo" and Weber's "Abu Hassan" have been given together in recent performances at Drury Lane.

Herr Joachim Raff has finished a new opera ("Dame Kobold"), which is to be produced at Weimar.

Herr Ferd. Hiller will conduct the Beethoven *Fête* at Bonn next August.

M. de Bériot, the violinist, has died at Brussels.

Verdi is said to contemplate writing another opera.

## Scientific Notes.

EXPERIMENTS were recently made at Iron Mountain, Missouri, to test the power of "lithofracture," a new blasting material, lately invented in Germany. The inventor's representative for America is the mining engineer, Mr. Lewis Schanti, who, in person, showed the great advantage of this new invention in the following way: He filled up two bore-holes of twelve and twenty-seven inches depth, respectively, with scarcely two pounds of "lithofracture," which is in appearance a black substance that can be kneaded like dough. After the spectators had run for secure places, the fuse was lighted, the explosion ensued, and the effect was tremendous. About twenty-two tons of ore were scattered to pieces. Mr. Schanti declared the bore-holes entirely unnecessary, and illustrated that, in a second experiment, by putting about three and a half pounds of the lithofracture on top of a solid block of ninety-eight cubic feet containing about eighteen tons of ore. To show how free from all danger the handling of the material is, he did not even take his burning cigar from his mouth. After the terrible explosion, the enormous iron block was changed into a heap of little fragments—not scattered about—but all lying in one pile that could be removed on wagons without difficulty.

The excavations that are being made at Bath, England, for the construction of the new Pump Room Hotel have brought to light some very interesting Roman remains. The most valuable results are the determination of the south and west limits of the great temple, and the discovery of some ornamental stone-work so similar in details to that which appears upon the Temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome as to suggest the probable date of the Bath Temple. The plan of the forum and the course of its surrounding ways may now be traced with sufficient accuracy to enable the antiquary to construct a tolerably perfect plan of Aque Solis, at the time when it was the grand watering-place of Roman Britain. A great many fragments of flat sheets of Roman glass have been found, which bear all the appearance of having been rolled or cast. It seems impossible to doubt, with this evidence, that the Romans employed glass for the purpose of lighting their houses as well as in the construction of drinking vessels. The Roman glass has a peculiar blue tint and is semi-opaque.

The bombs which were alleged to have been manufactured for the destruction of the Emperor Napoleon were filled with a new fulminating powder as dangerous to the maker as to his victim. The substance was unknown up to the present time, and is formed of twenty parts of chloride of potash, ten of prussiate of potash, and five of sulphur in powder. The slightest friction, pressure, or shock produces an explosion of fearful violence. Competent persons who have examined the projectiles consider them terrible engines of destruction, but most unfit for assassinating a person in a carriage. They would have to be thrown from an elevated position; and from the form of the shell and the force of explosion it is thought that the *débris* would not rise, but sweep along the ground. Flung from a barricade into a close column of troops, the effect would be fearful.

Professor Gould has found that the velocity of the electric waves through the Atlantic cables is from seven to eight thousand miles per second, and depends somewhat upon whether the circuit is formed by the two cables or by one cable and the earth. Telegraph wires upon poles in the air conduct the electric waves with a velocity a little more than double this, and it is remarked, as a curious fact, that the rapidity of the transmission increases with the distance between the wire and the earth, or the height of the support. Wires buried in the earth likewise transmit slowly, like submarine cables. Wires placed upon poles, but slightly elevated, transmit signals with a velocity of twelve thousand miles per second, while those at a considerable height give a velocity of sixteen or twenty thousand miles.

An immense depot of ancient marble has been discovered on the banks of the Tiber at Rome, a few feet beneath the soil. The depot is composed of large and small blocks of every shape and size, hewn and unhewn, pillars, pilasters, chapters of columns of every style of Grecian architecture, in every stage, finished and unfinished. Many of the blocks bear the names of the builders or contractors, the use for which they were destined, and the marks of the implements with which they were cut eighteen centuries ago; they comprise marbles of every description, from the rarest to the most common, many being from the famous African quarry which is now unknown. The pope has sent several blocks of marble of great beauty from this depot, to adorn the cathedral of Cologne, which is now nearly finished.

Several deposits of sulphur have been discovered in California, where, in one establishment, ten tons are now refined daily. The most recent report is from the Suez Canal, where, on the shores of the Red Sea, at the entrance of the Gulf of Suez, two inexhaustible deposits have been found. One, at Djemshah, is located in a perfectly rainless desert on the African coast very near the sea, and consists of a hill six hundred feet high, composed entirely of sulphur. In order to obtain the sulphur it is blasted like the rock in a common stone-quarry. Two hundred Arab laborers are occupied, under the supervision of French engineers, and produce ten tons of sulphur a day.

Recent excavations upon Mount Palatine, at Rome, have led to the discovery of the paternal house of the Emperor Tiberius, the walls of which are nearly entire. The tablinarium of this house is decorated with a series of frescos of great beauty and interest, in an admirable state of preservation. The most remarkable among them represent two religious ceremonies, Polyphemus and the Nereids, the nymph Io, Argus, and Mercury. The façade of the house is a fine specimen of the early Greek style of architecture, the style of ornamentation being severe and graceful.

A new difficulty has occurred in the practical working of the Suez Canal. The heat is so great that the stokers cannot live through it. A Sunderland steamer has arrived out in Calcutta with every stoker dead; several others have suffered severely; and nearly all that have passed through tell the same story. Climatological maps show that, although neither the Isthmus of Suez nor the Red Sea is equatorial, the "district of greatest heat" throughout the whole globe is a small space which crosses the Red Sea, Arabia, and the Persian Gulf.

Bunnet proved that if the under part of leaves be placed upward the leaf will gradually turn back to its natural position. M. Duchartre has proved that the same phenomenon takes place with the caps of mushrooms. When they are compelled to grow with their heads downward, they form a sharp bend in the stem, a little below the cap, so as to turn the head up into its natural position. M. Duchartre remarks that this fact contradicts the theory which attributes the direction taken by the organs of plants to their weight.

A collection of enamelled porcelains has been discovered on Mount Beuvray, the site of the ancient Gallic oppidum, Bibracte, where excavations on a large scale have been made during the last two years. The earthen and porcelain vases are uniformly stamped with Greek letters, which confirms the assertion of Cæsar that the ancient Gauls made use of Greek characters in writing their language.

It used to be commonly asserted that the temperature of newly-born infants was, on the first two days, lower than that of adults; but M. Andral has recently shown that this is not the case, but that it is only for the first half-hour after birth, owing, no doubt, to the incomplete action of the respiratory functions, that the infant's temperature is lower than that of the adult.

The observatory of Sir Isaac Newton being in the market for the comparatively small sum of five hundred guineas, it is proposed to raise that sum by public subscription, and present the building to the British nation either at South Kensington or elsewhere. Some American speculators are also said to be desirous of purchasing the observatory.

The *Indian Medical Journal* publishes an experiment to show that the monkey is proof against strychnine.

## Miscellany.

### The Great Earl of Desmond.

IT is well known that the great Earl of Desmond, though history pretends to dispose of him differently, lives to this hour enchanted in his castle, with all his household, at the bottom of Lough Guir, in Munster.

There was not, in his day, in all the world, so accomplished a magi-

cian as he. His fairest castle stood upon an island in the lake, and to this he brought his young and beautiful bride, whom he loved but too well; for she prevailed upon his folly to risk all to gratify her imperious caprice. They had not been long in this beautiful castle when she one day presented herself in the chamber in which her husband studied his forbidden art, and there implored him to exhibit before her some of the wonders of his evil science. He resisted long; but her entreaties, tears, and wheedlings, were at length too much for him, and he consented. But, before beginning those astonishing transformations with which he was about to amaze her, he explained to her the awful conditions and dangers of the experiment.

Alone in this vast apartment, the walls of which were lapped, far below, by the lake whose dark waters lay waiting to swallow them, she must witness a certain series of frightful phenomena, which, once commenced, he could neither abridge nor mitigate; and if, throughout their ghastly succession, she spoke one word, or uttered one exclamation, the castle and all that it contained would in one instant subside to the bottom of the lake, there to remain, under the servitude of a strong spell, for ages.

The dauntless curiosity of the lady having prevailed, and the oaken door of the study being locked and barred, the fatal experiments commenced. Muttering a spell, as he stood before her, feathers sprouted thickly over him, his face became contracted and hooked, a cadaverous smell filled the air, and, with heavy, winnowing wings, a gigantic vulture rose in his stead, and swept round and round the room, as if on the point of pouncing upon her.

The lady commanded herself through this trial, and instantly another began.

The bird alighted near the door, and in less than a minute changed, she saw not how, into a horribly-deformed and dwarfish hag, who, with yellow skin hanging about her face, and enormous eyes, swung herself on crutches toward the lady, her mouth foaming with fury, and her grimaces and contortions becoming more and more hideous every moment, till she rolled with a yell on the floor, in a horrible convulsion, at the lady's feet, and then changed into a huge serpent, which came sweeping and arching toward her, with crest erect and quivering tongue. Suddenly, as it seemed on the point of darting at her, she saw her husband in its stead, standing pale before her, and, with his finger on his lip, enforcing the continued necessity of silence. He then placed himself at his length on the floor, and began to stretch himself out and out, longer and longer, until his head nearly reached to one end of the vast room and his feet to the other.

This horror overcame her. The ill-starred lady uttered a wild scream, whereupon the castle and all that was within it sank in a moment to the bottom of the lake.

But, once in every seven years, by night, the Earl of Desmond and his retinue emerge, and cross the lake, in shadowy cavalcade. His white horse is shod with silver. On that one night the earl may ride till daybreak, and it behooves him to make good use of his time; for, until the silver shoes of his steed be worn through, the spell that holds him and his beneath the lake will retain its power.

### Thackeray and Dickens.

Mr. George Hodder, of London, has just published a volume of "Memories of My Time, including Personal Reminiscences of Eminent Men," which is reviewed in the *Spectator* at some length. We quote the following from the review:

"In public, Thackeray was much oppressed by nervousness, and the thought of having to speak made him miserable. 'Why don't they get Dickens to take the chair?' he asked once. 'He can make a speech, and a good one. I'm of no use; they little think how nervous I am, and Dickens doesn't know the meaning of the word.' A propos of this, Mr. Hodder says that he himself once asked Mr. Dickens if he ever felt nervous when called upon to speak, and the reply was: 'Not in the least. The first time I took the chair at a public dinner, I felt just as much confidence as if I had done the same thing a hundred times before.' The draft of the speech, which Thackeray made at the dinner given him before he started for America, is printed by Mr. Hodder, with a remark that the speech, as delivered, fell far short of the speech as written. There is an air of painful preparation with a want of conversational ease about the sentences, and we can understand that the effect would be somewhat fragmentary. Mr. Hodder says that Thackeray did not learn this speech by heart, which we believe was his usual custom. We are told, indeed, that even when he had learned his speech by heart he sometimes collapsed in the middle. It was natural that he should envy Mr. Dickens's fluency and self-command; yet it seems to us that both would have been at variance with Thackeray's individuality. The fact that he could not make a speech without as careful preparation as he would have bestowed upon one of his books harmonizes with every thing that we learn about his method of composition. Mr. Hodder tells us that, in dictating, Thackeray was as calm and deliberate as if he was reading in public; that, when any thing humorous occurred and the

amanuensis laughed, Thackeray's face was grave and unmoved; that he would constantly change his position, or suggest a different pen or a different kind of paper, with the evident object of giving himself a distraction. All this is eminently characteristic, and explains much of the tone of Thackeray's writings, while it bears witness to the severity of his mental labor."

#### A Funny Bird.

A recent traveller in Australia thus describes the performances of a tame cockatoo, known by its pet-name of "the Doctor:"

"It pretended to have a violent toothache, and nursed its beak in its claw, rocking itself backward and forward as if in the greatest agony, and, in answer to all the remedies which were proposed, croaking out, 'Oh, it ain't a bit of good!' and, finally, sidling up to the edge of its perch, and saying, in a hoarse but confidential whisper: 'Give us a drop of whiskey, do.'"

It would also pretend to sew, holding a little piece of cloth underneath the claw which rested on the perch and going through the motions with the other, getting into difficulties with its thread, and finally setting up a loud song in praise of sewing-machines, just as if it were an advertisement.

"The 'Doctor's' best performance is when he imitates a hawk. He reserves this fine piece of acting until his mistress is feeding her poultry; then, when all the hens and chickens, turkeys, and pigeons, are in the quiet enjoyment of their breakfast or supper, the peculiar shrill cry of a hawk is heard overhead, and the 'Doctor' is seen circling in the air, uttering a scream occasionally. The fowls never find out that it is a hoax, but run to shelter, cackling in the greatest alarm—hens clucking loudly for their chicks, turkeys crouching under the bushes, the pigeons taking refuge in their house. As soon as the ground is quite clear, cocky changes his wild note for peals of laughter from a high tree, and, finally alighting on the top of a hen-coop filled with trembling chickens, remarks, in a suffocated voice, 'You'll be the death of me!'"

#### A Persistent Lover.

Prince Auguste de Broglie took a tutor for his children in 1865—a young man, named Henri Teulat. He gave great satisfaction. The prince's children swept away prizes at the public schools, and M. Teulat was regarded with esteem and friendship. In 1867 a change came over these relations. One day, Prince Auguste, who had long been ill with consumption, was ordered by his physicians to go to Nice. He insisted upon knowing the whole truth about his condition. When the doctors told him he was a doomed man, and that a sojourn at Nice would but prolong his life a few months, he refused to quit Paris, preferring to die at home and among kindred and friends. The melancholy intelligence was broken to his wife. Sobbing, she retired to her chamber to write letters to her family announcing the imminent catastrophe. While she was so engaged, her chamber-door opened; she turned, and, seeing it was only M. Teulat, she continued to write. Suddenly, she felt a kiss upon her cheek—M. Teulat was kissing her! She sprang to her feet to ring for servants to extrude the insolent fellow (an earth-worm enamoured of a star!); but he fell at her feet, implored forgiveness, and begged her not to create a scandal. She granted his request; but at confession the director of her conscience, a Jesuit father, ordered her to tell her husband what had occurred. She did so. M. Teulat expressed such deep contrition that Prince Auguste pardoned him, and when he died gave him an affectionate shake-hands. M. Teulat remained in the house as tutor. Over head and ears in love with the princess, he was at last unable to refrain from declaring it again. Her answer was his dismissal. Once out of the house, he seemed unable to live without sight of her. He dogged her continually; he followed her when she went out shopping; he passed nights under her window; he ran after her carriage, and one day leaped into it by surprise, to be astonished to find by the princess's side her father, Count Vidar. He wrote her letter after letter, eighteen or twenty pages long, full of amorous protestations and the usual "soft nonsense" with which lovers fill their letters. She appealed at last to her brother-in-law, Prince Raymond de Broglie, to rid her of this pertinacious lover. He procured his arrest as a lunatic, and incarceration in an asylum.

#### Bismarck.

We cannot consider him as a really great statesman, though he has certainly gifts of the highest order. He is a first-rate diplomatist and negotiator. No man can captivate more adroitly those he wants to win; nobody knows better how to strike at the right moment, or to wait when the tide is running in his favor. His personal courage is great, physically as well as morally; he shrinks before nothing conducive to his end. He is not naturally eloquent; but his speeches are generally impressive and full of terse argument. He is a capital companion in society, witty, genial, sparkling in his conversation. His private life is pure; nobody has accused him of having used his high position for his pecuniary advantage. It is natural that such qualities, backed by an

indomitable will, a strong belief in himself, and an originally robust constitution, should achieve much. But by the side of these virtues the darker shades are not wanting. We will not reproach him with ambition; it is natural that such a man should be ambitious. But his ambition goes far to identify the interests of his country with his own personal power. Every thing is personal with him; he never forgets a slight, and persecutes people who have offended him with the most unworthy malice. His strong will degenerates frequently into absurd obstinacy; he is feared by his subordinates, but we never heard that anybody loved him. Driven into a strait, his courage becomes the reckless daring of the gambler who stakes every thing on one card. He can tell the very reverse of the truth with an amazing coolness; still oftener he will tell the plain truth when he knows that he will not be believed. He is a great comedian, performing admirably the part he chooses to play. He knows how to flatter his interlocutors by assuming an air of genuine admiration for their talents; they leave him charmed by his condescension, while he laughs at the fools who took his first words for solid cash.

#### First and Last.

They sat together, hand in hand;  
The sunset flickered low;  
The fickle sea crept up the strand,  
And caught the after-glow.

He sang a song, a little song  
No other poet knew;  
And she looked up and thought him strong,  
Looked down and dreamed him true.

The fickle sea crept up the strand,  
And laughed a wanton laugh—  
Took up the song the poet planned,  
And sang the other half.

Times change; the two went diverse ways.  
The evening-shades increase  
On him, grown old in fame and praise,  
And her in household peace.

The echo of the false sweet words  
He spoke so long ago  
Has passed as pass the summer-birds  
Before the winter-snow.

But as to-night the angel's hand  
Loosens the silver cord,  
And calls her to that other land  
Of love's supreme reward,

She hears but one sound, silent, long,  
A whisper soft and low—  
The echo of the false sweet song  
He sang so long ago.

#### The Iron and Coal Fields of Virginia.

Certain European and Pennsylvania iron-men have recently had their attention drawn to the iron and coal deposits of Virginia and West Virginia, and have caused examinations to be made of the region lying between the Blue Ridge and the Ohio River by experts and practical iron-men. The results are of the utmost importance to that section of the country, and indirectly to the mineral interests of the whole country. In regard to the coal-deposits in the Kanawha Valley, one of them writes that the area of coal-beds exceeds that of all the known deposits of Great Britain; that the coal is of excellent quality both for fuel and smelting purposes; that it is most accessible; and that it can be transported to the iron-ores lying on either edge of the coal-field at a very small cost.

The Kanawha coal-beds abound in the bituminous, the cannel, and the "splint" coal, lying high above water-level, and it can be mined and put into cars at less than one dollar per ton. A hundred miles east of the coal, and less than a hundred miles west and north, are iron-ore deposits of great extent and excellent quality. To unite these ingredients so as to produce pig-iron at rates less than half its present cost in Ohio or Pennsylvania, nothing is needed but a line of railroad, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company are now building the extension of their line up the Kanawha Valley, right across this coal-field, so as to connect these several centres of iron and coal mining, and to give an outlet for the metal both to the seaboard and the Western market.

The Hon. Howell Fisher, an experienced geologist and iron-worker of Pennsylvania, gives it as his opinion that, upon the completion of this line of railroad within a few months, pig-iron can be produced in illimitable quantities along the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio at from twelve to eighteen dollars per ton, according to the location, or nearly



fifty per cent. less than its cost on the Lehigh. Water-power, wood, and field-produce, can be had there in abundance, and at but little cost. Every element of successful manufacture is to be found in West Virginia; and, if the nearness to the fuel and ores is a controlling element in manufacture, a new Pittsburg and a new Manchester will probably arise in West Virginia.

Foreign capitalists are just beginning to be attracted to the extent and richness of our mineral deposits. The district within a hundred miles of the mouth of the Kanawha River is said to contain enough ore and coal, near the surface, to suffice for the wants of the United States for the next thousand years. New railroads are pushing into that region from all quarters, to connect with the trunk-line to the ocean—the Chesapeake and Ohio.

#### Louisa Stuart Costello.

Miss Costello, an authoress of some repute a few years ago, died on April 24th, at Boulogne, France, aged seventy-one years. This lady's books, highly prized in their day, are not out of date with the present generation of readers. Her best works, chiefly describing those parts of France least known in England at the time they appeared, combine graphic description with that kind of anecdotal archæology which varies the narrative of travel and adventure. Miss Costello made accurate and picturesque use of accessible public documents in her "Summer amidst the Bocages and the Vines," "Pilgrimage to the Auvergne," and "Béarn and the Pyrenees: a Legendary Tour in the Country of Henri Quatre." Louis Philippe marked his approval of these and other works by presenting the authoress with a very valuable jewelled ornament. Her style, always bright and facile, gave much currency also to her histories. *Memoirs of Anne of Brittany*, of Mary Duchess of Burgundy, of eminent Englishwomen, and of other French and English celebrities, are in as much circulating-library vogue even now as her poems and romances are. Among these may be enumerated "Specimens of the Early Poetry of France," "Clara Fane," "Catherine de Medici," "The Queen's Poisoner," and "Gabrielle." "The Rose Garden of Persia," an exquisitely-printed volume, exhibits her skill as an artist as well as an authoress. Always industrious, Miss Costello acquired a small competence by her pen, which was supplemented by a liberal pension from the Burdett family and a small one from government, and retired, although blessed with troops of friends, to live alone at Boulogne. In the autumn of last year she visited London with her medical adviser to consult Sir William Ferguson respecting a swelling in her mouth. Poor lady! this was her doom. Virulent cancer had commenced its ravages, and she returned to Boulogne simply to die.

#### The Modern Novel.

Undeniably, the modern novel is one of the most important moral agents of the community. The essayist may write for his hundreds, the preacher preach to his thousands; but the novelist counts his audience by millions. His power is threefold: over heart, reason, and fancy. The orator we hear eagerly; but, as his voice fades from us, his lessons depart. The moral philosopher we read and digest by degrees, in a serious, ponderous way. But the really good writer of fiction takes us altogether by storm. Young and old, grave and gay, learned or imaginative—who of us is safe from his influence? He creeps innocently on our family-table in the shape of those three well-thumbed library-volumes, sits for days after invariably at our fireside—a provocative of incessant discussion; slowly but surely, either by admiration or aversion, his opinions, ideas, feelings, impress themselves upon us, which impression remains long after we have come to that age, if we ever reach it—which all good angels forbid!—when we don't "care to read novels." The amount of new thoughts scattered broadcast over society within one month of the appearance of a really popular novel, the innumerable discussions it creates, and the general influence which it exercises in the public mind, form one of the most remarkable facts of our day. For the novelist has in our day ceased to be a mere storyteller or romancer.

#### The Dangerous Age.

Balzac, in his "Physiologie du Mariage," asserts—what to the young must appear a paradox, though the middle-aged, doubtless, accept it as an undeniable truth—that man is never so dangerous to woman as at the age of about fifty. Wait till you come to *fifty* years, and, if you are worth calling a man, you will, according to Balzac, by that time have made yourself a name in the world. You will have acquired the art of polite conversation, and in the course of a well-spent life will have gained such a knowledge of feminine ways and feminine weaknesses that, once puzzled by your reputation and charmed by your talk, the woman whom you may have done the honor to select as a victim will be powerless before you. A man of fifty years of age may, it is true, be supposed to have lost one or more teeth, a little hair, and to have gained a few wrinkles; but into the teeth question, the hair question, and the question of wrinkles, the great physiologist does not

condescend to enter. Knowledge of the enemy is the great qualification his conqueror must possess. Every young man, before getting married, should, according to Balzac, "have dissected at least one woman;" and the bachelor who remains a bachelor persistently until the age of fifty may be expected to have "dissected" a good many women.

#### English Nobility.

The founders of the families of the present Earls of Essex and Craven were William Capel, a draper, and William Craven, a tailor. The modern Dukes of Northumberland derive their male descent from Hugh Smithson, an apothecary, and the modern Earls of Warwick from William Greville, a wool-stapler. The Earls of Dartmouth, Radnor, Ducie, Pomfret, Tankerville, and Coventry, are descended from a skinner, a silk-worker, a tailor, a Calais merchant, and the two latter from mercers. The ancestors of the Earls of Dudley and Romney were jewellers and goldsmiths, and those of the Dukes of Leeds, the Earls of Cowper, Fitzwilliam, and Darnley, Lords Dormer, Leigh, Hill, Dacre, Willoughby de Eresby, and Carrington, were all tradesmen of one kind or another. Lord Ashburton, Lord Overstone, Lord Belper, and Lord Wolverton, are instances in our own day of merchants, manufacturers, and bankers, who have been raised to the peerage.

#### Eastern Progress.

The King of Ava is determined that his dominions shall no longer be out of the world altogether. His majesty has offered to open telegraphic communications between his capital and Rangoon, bearing the whole of the expenditure from his own purse. The Indian viceroy has expressed his pleasure with the proposition, and has caused his thanks to be conveyed to his majesty. The viceroy has also ruled that the expense of the telegraphic establishment along the line passing through British territories shall be defrayed by the Government of India.

The Japanese Government appears for the first time as a borrower in the London market, and invites the confidence of the English capitalists to the amount of one million sterling, for the purpose of constructing railways in that country.

#### Varieties.

CHARLES JAMES FOX, the English statesman, being once at Ascot races with his intimate companion, General Conway, missed his snuffbox. The general was lucky enough to discover the thief, and seize him before he could get clear. Upon this the man fell on his knees, and with many tears besought Fox to pardon him and not expose him to ruin, for he was a poor weaver in great destitution, and this was the first offence against the laws that he had ever committed. Fox was greatly affected, and not only let the offender go, but gave him a guinea. Shortly after this, having occasion to use his box, he found no sign of it in the pocket where he had replaced it, and, turning to General Conway, said, "My snuffbox is gone again." "Yes," replied the latter, "I saw the scamp take it the second time, when you gave him the money, but I thought I wouldn't interfere again."

An Indian newspaper, in reporting the sudden death of the jailer of Darjeeling, says a suspicion arose of his having come by his death by foul means, on the ground that, as he was a very tall man, the Booteahs had probably had poison administered to him in order to rifle his grave of his splendidly long thigh-bones. It appears that parties of Booteahs occasionally prowling into Darjeeling on dark nights, and desecrate the burial-grounds there, in search of human thigh-bones of good length, which they especially prize and make trumpets of!

A Chinese lady of rank in San Francisco walks attended by three maids of honor bearing lighted sticks of punk, highly perfumed. Her face is painted with a reckless disregard of expense, and her hair is saturated with oil. Running through the knot at the back of her head is an ivory dumb-bell. On her head—gracefully waving in the wind—is a flower, which, from the fertilizing effects oil is supposed to have, is judged to be indigenous. Her short, highly-colored silk dress is beautifully embroidered, and her feet are encased in the customary canoe-shaped sandals.

A new mode of postal communication is being employed in Austria for short and insignificant messages. Cards are sold for three centimes, and the sender writes the address on one side, the message on the other, and throws it into the nearest letter-box, thus economizing the expense and trouble of envelopes. The postal cards are stamped and circulated by thousands over the Austrian empire, and they are in universal use at railway stations, and for correspondence on journeys.

Brigham Young recently admonished his brethren against chewing tobacco while in meeting, and cautioned the doorkeeper if they found any one persisting in the practice "to take him and lead him out carefully and kindly." The prophet ended by saying: "Elders of Israel, if

you must chew tobacco, omit it while in meeting, and when you leave you can take a double portion if you wish to."

"Is my face dirty?" asked a young lady from the backwoods, while seated with her aunt at the dinner-table, on a steamboat running from Cairo to New Orleans. "Dirty? No. Why did you ask?" "Because that insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he puts another one before me."

The Duke of Cleveland, the Earl Grey, the Duke of Norfolk, Baron Strafford, Earl Derby, and many other noblemen, have mansions in St. James's Square, which is the favorite square of Mr. Disraeli, probably on account of his devotion to the late Earl of Derby. Norfolk is the only Roman Catholic duke in the square, but he is a mere youngster.

Chief-Justice Gilpin, of Delaware, says that the best liquor law the State ever had was almost a literal transcript of one framed by William Penn, and that the Legislature, by its persistent tinkering, had been steadily making it worse for the last thirty years.

In San Joaquin Valley, California, butter is made by placing the cream in a thick linen sack, and burying the parcel in the earth over night. The sand absorbs the milk, and in the morning the butter is found as well worked as by an hour's churning.

A Scandinavian preacher in Illinois occupies three hours in the delivery of a sermon. Recently his congregation passed a resolution that he should close his sermons at one o'clock, but at his urgent solicitation it was extended to two.

Baroness Ruffini died recently in Paris, at the age of eighty-two. She lived in a miserable hovel, for which she paid twenty francs rent per month. One million francs were found hoarded in her room after her death.

The Viceroy of Egypt has presented to the University of Oxford, where his son Prince Hassan is now a student, a complete collection of Oriental literature, printed at Boulak, comprising seventy-four distinct works, in one hundred and forty volumes.

It is said that one United States Senator congratulated another Senator who had just concluded one of his great efforts, thus: "A great speech—the best speech I ever heard delivered by a man who knew so little about his subject."

The mayor of an enterprising Western city profoundly remarks to his fellow-citizens that "water is a useful element in case of fire." These are what the poet Gray meant by "words that burn."

The richest corporation in Europe is an English company which, many years ago, secured a monopoly for gas-lighting nineteen of the principal cities, most of them national capitals.

Mr. Disraeli's new novel "Lothair" bears on its title-page this suggestive motto from Terence: "*Nescio omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis*"—It is salutary for youth to know all these things.

The assertion so frequently made, that it is impossible to arrest the flight of time, is altogether erroneous, for who is there that cannot "stop a minute?"

The Spaniards have a saying, "At eighteen marry your daughter to a superior; at twenty, to her equal; at thirty, to anybody that will have her."

A member of Sorosis wants to know why, since New York has a city-chamberlain, it shouldn't also have a city-chambermaid. We give it up.

It is said that the tobacco-trade in New York is represented by so many nationalities that fifty-three different languages are spoken by the cigar-dealers on Broadway.

An Irishman, sent to the Wisconsin State-prison, was asked what trade he preferred to learn. He said that, if it was all the same to them, he preferred to be a sailor.

A writer in *Tinsley's Magazine* believes that there never have been so many good actors and actresses on the stage, since theatrical shows began, as at the present time.

Mr. Disraeli was offered sixteen thousand pounds for the copyright of his novel "Lothair," but he refused it, and the work is published solely on the account of the author.

Nine of the thirty oldest baronies in the English peerage are held by Roman Catholics, namely: Beaumont, Vaux, Camoys, Stourton, Petre, Arundel, Dormer, Stafford, and Clifford.

The King of Siam, his name is Sombetch-Phrt-Poramendz-Maha-Chualu-Korn.

The Territorial librarian of New Mexico has caused considerable in-

dignation to the citizens thereabouts by selling off the records of two hundred years and valuable titles to property for old wrapping-paper.

It has been decided, when a man so far forgets himself as to bite off a portion of another individual's nose, he ought to be bound over to keep the piece.

When women come to sit in the jury-box, possibly infants may get to be criers in court.

There are one hundred and seventy-nine miles of street railway in Philadelphia, and six hundred and eighty-eight cars.

The Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals in Paris has made a movement against frying small fish and eels alive.

Mark Twain says that the Sandwich Islands dish of plain dog "is only our cherished American sausage with the mystery removed."

Grocers are reminded that honest tea is the best policy.

Edwin Forrest has been on the stage fifty years.

Queen Victoria is opposed to woman suffrage.

## The Museum.

THE forests of South Africa afford many varieties of useful or ornamental wood, some soft enough for general use, but the greater number adapted for ship or wagon building. In the most gigantic of all the arboreal ornaments of the country, the quality of the wood does not enter into consideration, for the baobab yields no timber fit for any useful purpose. The tree which serves as an illustration to the present article grew on a small islet, in an extensive salt-plain some distance beyond Lake Ngami, where it was sketched by Messrs. Baines and Chapman. The shores and islands were studded here and there by single trees or groups of baobabs or mowanas, towering like castles, with their immense trunks and bare, leafless arms, above the other trees, looking sometimes gray and rough like granite rocks, and at others smooth and metallic where the old bark, peeling off, had exposed the new, and allowed its peculiar coppery tints to shine through, giving to large portions, according to the light or shade, a red or yellow gray or deep purple tone. A few solitary fruits still hung upon the branches, beyond the reach of the Bushmen, who climb the tree by driving pegs into the soft trunk; and these were pelted by every passer-by, in hope of bringing them down. The pleasant sub-acid pulp in which the seeds are embedded forms an agreeable variation from the meat diet; and its taste and appearance, particularly when dried almost to a white powder, give the Dutch immigrant farmers and hunters a reason for naming it "Krem Tart Brom," or cream-of-tartar tree. The fruit is oval, from six to ten inches in length, and enclosed in a shell as thick as that of an ostrich-egg, covered with a green skin of a texture almost like velvet.

Adanson, in his description of the baobab, or monkey bread-tree of Senegal (*Adansonia digitata*), where also it is called "Arbre de mille ans," on account of its supposed great age, states its diameter at thirty feet, giving ninety of circumference, and its height at seventy-three, the roots sometimes being one hundred feet in length. He adds some very interesting particulars respecting its growth. In the first year, when its diameter is one inch, its height is five; at thirty years, its diameter is two feet, and its height twenty-two; at one thousand, it is fourteen feet thick, and fifty-eight feet high; and at five thousand, while it is only seventy-three feet in height, it is thirty-five feet in thickness. Dr. Livingstone, however, seems by no means to coincide in the great antiquity of the baobab, and says it is difficult to believe it even as old as the Pyramids. The spreading branches sometimes droop so much, with their own weight and that of the dense foliage, that the stem is hidden, and the tree appears like a hemispherical mass of verdure a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and sixty or seventy high. In Abyssinia, the honey deposited by the wild-bees in the soft stem is considered the best in the country, and on the western coast the negroes hollow out the trunk and suspend in it the bodies of those who are refused burial. These become perfectly dried, like mummies, and are known by the name of *guiriots*.

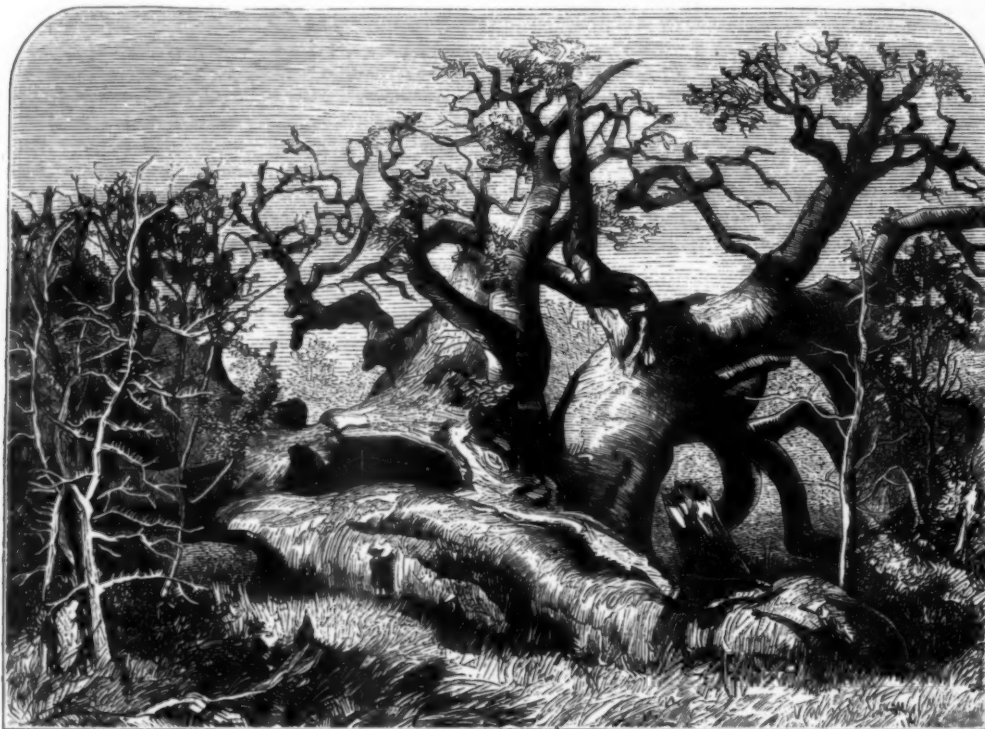
The natives of Africa make cordage of the inner bark, cutting it near the ground, then seizing the ends, and pulling off strips, which they again cut about breast-high, leaving, as fresh bark grows upon the wound, a thinner portion, marked above and below by an irregular moulding round the stem. As the tree grows up, and the wounded portion rises sufficiently high above the ground, the process is repeated. It might be thought that, like other trees, the baobab would die from the effect of this girdling; but it seems to possess an amount of vitality almost wonderful. A fallen tree, near the Portuguese town of Tête, on the Zambesi, still continues to put forth its leaves with undiminished vigor every year, though only a small portion of its roots retain any hold of the ground.

The baobab seems to put forth its leaves about September, before the commencement of the periodical rains; the flower-buds, pendent at

first, like small green balls, next burst into beautiful white blossoms; the fruit attains maturity by April or May, and the tree is leafless during the remainder of the year.

Trees of thirty feet in circumference are common both in Australia and Africa; one of about sixty stands near the Portuguese village of

Shupanga on the Zambesi, and Dr. Kirk speaks of one of ninety not far distant. The tree sketched by Messrs. Baines and Chapman appears to casual observation to have fallen, but in reality only part of it has given way. The circumference of this tree was one hundred and one feet, but the height of the standing stem only about seventy.



The Baobab-Tree.

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### NOTICE.

"RALPH THE HEIR," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is now publishing in APPLETONS' JOURNAL. It appears in *Supplements*, once a month, the first issued being with No. 43, and has been continued in supplements accompanying Nos. 46, 50, 54, 59, and 63.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," by CHARLES DICKENS, is also now publishing in this JOURNAL, each monthly part, as published in England, *issued with one number of the JOURNAL complete*. Part First appeared with Journal No. 56; Part Second with No. 61.

"THE THREE BROTHERS," so far as printed in the JOURNAL up to Jan. 1st, has been published in pamphlet-form, and will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of thirty cents.

"THE LADY OF THE ICE," by JAMES DE MILLE, was commenced in Number Fifty-three of the JOURNAL, and will be completed in Number Sixty-five.

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#### AND CHEAPER

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